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Patriotic Sleuths

by ROBERT WOHLFORTH

Did Hoover Mean Battleships? - - *Editorial*

Washington Notes - - - - - - - - *T. R. B.*

A Policy for Progressives - *William Orton*

The "Unspeakable" Russians - *Drew Pearson*

Automobiles and Prosperity - - - *Editorial*

Normalcy in the Carolinas - *Lois MacDonald*

"Outskirts of Nightmare" - *T. S. Matthews*

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"Gentlemen, A Novel!"

JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH

ALMOST any book can get *some* favorable reviews. Even the superlatives are frequently too easily available. There are always a few friendly or lenient or obscure critics who can accommodate the blurb-writer or the headline virtuoso.

But acclaim—authentic acclaim from responsible and famous men of letters—is made of different stuff, and it is international acclaim of such magnitude which greets the American publication of this novel by JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH, "*—And Company*". Rarely is it given to a publisher to launch a novel with such impressive tributes, and under such distinguished auspices. The introduction is by ROMAIN ROLLAND, the translation from the French is by C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, noted for his rendition of PROUST, and the comments quoted in this announcement are but typical of a larger homage which ARNOLD BENNETT, VAN WYCK BROOKS, PAUL CLAUDEL, and ISRAEL ZANGWILL are proud to pay to a novelist in the noble tradition of classical French fiction. These, in fact, are their own words, not the publisher's.

"*Gentlemen, a novel!*"

THE word genius is not used lightly by men of the standing of ROMAIN ROLLAND. In the case of "*—And Company*", by JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH, he uses it with measured deliberation—and without qualifying phrases.

"The great majority of novelists," says ROMAIN ROLLAND, "write from a shallow ink-well. They but scratch the surface of reality. They seize upon nature from a single angle, perhaps by means of external description, or through the minds of the characters, or through the use of movement or emotion. I know scarcely a single writer who, throughout a work of any size, comes to grip with life like an athlete, hand to hand—who embraces the entire mass of reality, his chosen prey, in the net of his spiritual and intellectual perception.

"Yet that is the very achievement of '*—And Company*'. The tribe of the Simlers is modeled from human flesh. We can see them, touch them; we can even carry away the living clay in our hands.

"For me, that is the first and indelible impression produced by this great book—even beyond the overwhelming interest of the story itself: an exceptional power of *integral* creation, of body plus soul. The verb 'to create' here takes on its full complement of meanings. The author has not only imagined or observed his characters. *He has engendered them.*"

IN describing the "amplitude and the solid construction" of this novel ROMAIN ROLLAND speaks unqualifiedly of "the genius of JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH", and continues:

"The outstanding and preeminent element in this book is obviously the Simler family. And in painting their portraits the author is incomparable. His treatment, his style, by emphasizing certain qualities, by making them stand out in monumental relief, by the abundance of the clay and the vigorous joy of the modeler who shapes it, borders very close on caricature, yet is majestic to the point of being epic.

"He reminds me of Daumier. There is the same firm touch, the well-rounded flesh and muscles, the michaelangelesque ardour in the bourgeois buffoonery, the *vis comica* (*tragica?*), the irresistible scenic movement, the genius not only of the individual portraiture (Hippolyte Simler is a world in himself), but of the *ensembles*.

"JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH has barely passed his forty-third year, and he is emerging from the furnace of the war. The war, which scarred his body with three wounds, has instilled a world of tragic experiences and emancipating disillusions into his spirit. It is this world which smoulders in a brain wherein a fever of creation and universal curiosity rages."

THE reader who confronts a novel entitled "*—And Company*" for the first time may wonder at its implications. There is drama in this story, there is passion, there is suspense, there is climax, there is imagery, and there is an astounding sense of character and continuity—but all these elements are steeped in a theme of timeless spiritual and ideological import—the struggle between man and his company—between individual and business—between personality and factory, between the hushed cry of Joseph Simler's love and the imperious summons of the daybreak siren over the looms and the smoke-stacks.

"*. . . . Most of all, the sword of his own eventual solitude pierced him to the heart . . . .*

"*. . . . The machines stand there in a row with the tranquillity of creditors, gluttonous and gorged . . .*

"*. . . . Wagons bring fresh looms and machinery. The roar increases. The family home, which originally regulated everything else according to its own rhythm, is no more now than a plank tossed upon the waves. A mighty din overwhelms the universe . . . .*"

THIS, then, is "*—And Company*", the book hailed by ARNOLD BENNETT, VAN WYCK BROOKS, ROMAIN ROLLAND, ISRAEL ZANGWILL, and PAUL CLAUDEL. This is the author acclaimed by the most eminent critics of England, France and Germany. This is the work selected by *The Book League of America* for February, now published by Simon and Schuster and on sale at all bookstores for $3.00.

from the INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
37 West 57th Street · · New York

"A book like '—AND COMPANY*' is not open to criticism. One yields to it as one would to a natural phenomenon. It flows along like a river and has the majesty of a forest."*
—ISRAEL ZANGWILL

"'—AND COMPANY*' is a permanent achievement. It has some of the qualities of* BALZAC, FLAUBERT, *and* ZOLA. *It is written in the grand manner of the classical French fiction of the nineteenth century."* ARNOLD BENNETT

"'—AND COMPANY*' is built on the scale of the masterpieces of French literature. It is worthy of the best work of* BALZAC."
—VAN WYCK BROOKS

"I make bold to say, without any reservations, that '—AND COMPANY*' is the only French novel I know which is worthy to take its place among the masterpieces of* BALZAC'S HUMAN COMEDY."—
ROMAIN ROLLAND

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

WE HAVE again arrived at a winter of unemployment and suffering, such as we had in 1927, in 1921 and in many previous years. In New York state, for instance, the decline in factory employment between November and December was 4 percent—the sharpest drop in a single month since the panic of 1920. Indices of employment show losses everywhere. Yet we have to say again that so little has been done to prepare for this situation that there does not even exist reliable information as to how many unemployed there are. Nor has a start been made at building up the necessary national system of public employment exchanges which would tell us how many—and which would minimize the injury of the existing situation. Again we must ask, will this experience mark any effort to prepare for the next crisis? No sign comes from the White House that Mr. Hoover is any more alive to the problem than were his predecessors. He has taken steps to speed up construction—too late to be of immediate service—but he has done nothing to establish permanent machinery which will be available for prompt action when another depression approaches. Again we must recommend the bills introduced for this purpose by Senator Wagner of New York—bills which were introduced in much the same form two years ago. While they might be improved by further consideration, they constitute a challenge to Congress and to industry which must be met, if the same sad unpreparedness is not to overtake us in the future.

IN AN address delivered on January 16, before the Bar Association of New York City, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes effectively answers the objections which fifteen or twenty irreconcilable Senators still hold against the ratification of the World Court protocol, which has already been signed by the President. He points out that the Court is substantially independent of the League of Nations; that it could not apply what is known as "League law" to nations which have not agreed to observe such law; that adherence to the Court involves no surrender of American sovereignty, no loss of anything we might otherwise preserve. His chief point, however, is that the World Court has already proved successful; that it is, in his own words, "a going concern." Its procedure, he says, is judicial and thorough; its judges are men of intelligence, learning, independence; and although they differ vastly in background and training, they have generally arrived, by their divergent paths, at decisions upon which almost all of them could agree —fair decisions, less influenced by the relative power of the nations concerned in the dispute than the decisions of special arbitration tribunals are apt to be. When Mr. Hughes praises the World Court by comparing it with the United States Supreme Court, he is speaking as the only jurist who has been a member of both. And when, after his experience as a member of international commissions and as chairman of international conferences, he announces that the World Court is vastly more effective than these other means for adjusting the disputes between nations, even the enemies of the Court must respect his judgment.

THE nation is to be congratulated that the Senate, by a substantial margin, voted down the proposed increase in the sugar tariff. Future log-rolling may possibly bring some increase, but the majority is sufficient to withstand a good deal of

nibbling away. The immediate effect of the increase would have been to raise sugar prices at the expense of the consumer. The secondary effect would have been to encourage production, not merely in the beet-sugar regions, but in our island possessions within the tariff wall. This would gradually have taken from Cuba her chief market for her principal product; it would thus have injured American capital invested in Cuba and American manufacturers who sell goods there. As domestic production increased, through the overstimulation of the tariff, it would have brought prices down again and would have relieved the consumer somewhat, but at the expense of the American producer. The ultimate net effect would have been to create the gigantic economic waste of transferring an industry from a locality well fitted for it to another less well fitted. We should have enlarged and sustained a basically inefficient and probably a not very prosperous industry, at the expense of the entire American public.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT evidently sprang a surprise on the Republicans in the New York Legislature when he accepted with jubilation their bill providing that he appoint a commission to investigate and report upon his plan for state development of St. Lawrence power. Since the commission is to investigate private development only if it finds public operation impracticable, Mr. Roosevelt chose to regard the proposal as a victory for his program. He assumes, of course, that his plan is practicable, and that any commission which he would appoint would recognize the fact. The Republicans in making the offer were maneuvering for a position in the coming election. They did not want to appear again as allies of the power interests by flat opposition to the Democratic program. They advertised the bill as a means of keeping power out of the campaign, and so depriving Mr. Roosevelt of what was regarded as his chief issue. But, apparently, for that very reason they did not expect him to accept it. If he had not, they could have gone before the people saying that the governor was merely playing politics with the issue and delaying use of the power, because of his unreasonable stand. Mr. Roosevelt wisely refused to be put in this position and seems to be making capital out of the Republican surrender. It will be amusing to watch how the Republicans try to get out of their predicament. We do not see how they can do so without presenting Mr. Roosevelt with his old issue redoubled in strength. Meanwhile, we rejoice that the result of this matching of political wits has measurably advanced what we believe is the essentially sound policy of a public hydro-electric system.

WE have heard a good deal lately from public-utility spokesmen about their desire to increase the use of their services by reductions of rates—even if they are monopolies. That we cannot rely on any such action is forcibly demonstrated by the unpleasant experience of millions of telephone subscribers in New York state who, on February 1, will suffer a drastic increase. This increase was not sanctioned by the Public Service Commission. It was pushed through by the New York Telephone Company, by resort to the federal courts, at an expense of millions of dollars which came out of the subscribers' pockets. The increase was not necessary to cover rising operating costs. It was awarded for the purpose of providing a 7 percent net return, not on what the company had actually invested in its property, but on a much larger sum which, it was estimated, would be the hypothetical expense of reproducing that property. It was thus the grab of a powerful monopoly for still larger profits.

THE increase was not, as the company argues, necessary to attract new investment. As a matter of fact, if the courts stick to the reproduction-cost basis of valuation, the investor is put in the precarious position of speculating on the future course of prices. That is, the purchaser of common stock is put in this position—the bondholder will receive the same return in any case. If prices of construction rise, the common stock holder will, by the operation of the reproduction-cost theory, receive an unearned increment. But if they fall, he will suffer. He will, that is, unless these powerful monopolies in such a case convert the courts to another theory which will better serve their interest, at the expense of the consumer.

THE Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations meets this month to consider plans for limiting the manufacture of morphine, heroin, cocaine and other such dangerous drugs. Five years ago the United States and Great Britain attempted to get a plan of this sort written into an international agreement at Geneva, but the delegates from the United States were instructed by a joint resolution of Congress to insist that the principle of limitation be applied not only to manufactured drugs, such as morphine and cocaine, but to production of smoking and eating opium as well. When it was proposed to consider manufactured drugs as a separate issue, not involving the subject of smoking and eating opium, the American delegation retired. The British were left as the sole advocates of curtailed manufacture, among delegates from other countries frankly hostile to the plan. The resultant convention, known as the Second Geneva Convention, which the United States has never signed, sets up a kind of auditing body, the Permanent Central Board, to oversee the statistics of production and distribution of narcotic drugs, but omits the whole question of rationing manufacturers.

SINCE that time the possibilities of any further immediate developments had seemed slight—in fact, it was not until 1929 that enough nations had

ratified the Geneva Convention for it to come into effect at all. During these years, however, several cases of illicit trafficking, involving tons of contraband narcotics, were brought to light, proving considerable laxity on the part of certain governments, and these cases were well aired in the meetings of the Advisory Committee. Towards the close of 1929, following the disclosure of much evidence against French dealers, the representative of France announced before the Assembly of the League that his government had decided to restrict manufacture. Delegates from other countries also signified their willingness to consider the plan—and the Assembly requested that the Opium Advisory Committee, during its session this January, "prepare plans for such limitation, regard being had to world requirements for medical and scientific purposes and the means of preventing an increase in price which would lead to the establishment of new factories in countries which are not at present manufacturing countries."

THE matter of curtailing production is not simple. A nation which has built up a legitimate drug business, for instance, will hardly consent to a mere pro rata arrangement, for if a figure of future world production were agreed upon, with apportionment on the basis of past production, a pro rata limitation would amount to penalizing an honest manufacturer for the output of another who had been supplying the traffickers. Another important difficulty arises from the number of drugs like codeine which are manufactured from morphine but are not generally used for addiction purposes and can now be bought without restrictions in many countries. It must be made certain that a manufacturer cannot account for vanishing stocks of morphine with the nominal explanation that they went into the manufacture of these other commodities. The Advisory Committee is expected to present its plans for consideration by a conference of manufacturing and non-manufacturing countries to be held next fall. A project for limiting overproduction of a commodity by international agreement is an unusual experiment, but seems greatly needed in this instance; for by overproduction in drugs one does not refer to a situation which can right itself economically—there is overproduction from the standpoint of medical and scientific requirements, but there is no evidence of overproduction from the standpoint of use by addicts.

AT LAST the Regional Plan of New York and Environs has issued the part of its report dealing with skyscrapers. The emphasis of the statement is upon a continuation and enlargement of skyscraper building. We are presented with a picture of a great structure reaching to the clouds and straddling a whole street, in the neighborhood of City Hall. There should be, the report advises, no limitation on height. There is, to be sure, an accompanying caution; skyscrapers must be properly distributed about the city so as not to increase congestion, and each must be surrounded with sufficient open space or low buildings so that it may be seen and may not throttle traffic. We fear that the major emphasis will be effective while the caution is ignored. Who is to be responsible for the proper spacing of the tall buildings? Where, in particular, can the exact population of a new skyscraper be set down on a given spot without overtaxing existing or possible facilities? And who is to bear the cost of the surrounding open spaces or low buildings? Can we allow one property owner to capitalize valuable land with a many-storied structure while we forbid neighboring owners from doing so? Or is the public to subsidize the skyscraper owner by buying the surrounding land? If so, why? The economically just method would be to assess against the skyscraper the cost of the essential space around it, plus any extra public services it necessitates. But, of course, if this were done, there would be no economic possibility of building it. The skyscraper is, at bottom, a device for profiteering at the expense of the community.

THOSE Americans who have been comfortably assuming that censorship of the press is a war-time phenomenon which is reduced to negligible proportions as soon as peace is restored, will be interested in a survey recently made in The Editor and Publisher by Albin E. Johnson, the Geneva correspondent of The New York World. Mr. Johnson, using the information of the League of Nations, shows that 700,000,000 people, of a total world population of less than 2,000,000,000, are today living under either partial or complete censorship. The countries on his list are Italy, Spain, Russia, China, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Poland, Turkey, Albania, Rumania, Lithuania and French Syria. The figure of 700,000,000 is of course only approximate; no one knows how many people there are in China, but the total number is as likely to be larger as smaller.

AT LEAST three-quarters of these 700,000,000 people live under a governmental censorship of newspapers which is virtually complete, and even for the rest of them, the press is subjected to such constant interference that its columns are never reliable and its function as a critic of political action has disappeared. No doubt there are several hundred million of these persons who do not care very much one way or the other; the countries of most complete control (and this is no accident) are also those of highest illiteracy and the least general participation in political life. Yet there must also be large numbers who chafe under the restrictions imposed upon them. Next time you hear some orator congratulating modern civilization on the unparalleled grandeur it has attained, it might be well to remind him of these 700,000,000, who are not permitted to hear the truth lest it might make them free.

Automobiles and Prosperity

WILL American prosperity grow between 1930 and 1937 as it did between 1922 and 1929? Will the new period upon which we are now entering show as large an increase in the national income per capita as the one just closed? To answer this question we should have to know whether the same stimulus to growth will continue to exist. A large share of that stimulus, everyone agrees, was provided by the rapid advance of the automobile industry. Therefore, it is interesting to examine the situation and prospects of motors.

One person in every ten of the gainfully occupied worked, in 1929, for the automobile or affiliated companies. They used 85 percent of the rubber imported, 67 percent of the plate glass made in the United States, 19 percent of the iron and steel, 15 percent of the copper, 18 percent of the hardwood lumber, and 27 percent of the lead, and their product consumed 80 percent of the gasoline. Great industries, such as cotton fabrics, subsist to an appreciable extent on the demand of the motor concerns. The important place of the industry in the national economic life makes its fortunes critical. Still more striking, however, is the fact that this demand for labor and materials is something relatively new, something added. Production of cars and trucks in the United States and Canada has more than doubled since 1922. It has grown from 2,646,000 to nearly 5,700,000. If our general prosperity is to grow at anything like the former rate, without new stimuli at present undiscerned, something like the same pace of advance must continue in automobiles.

Easy optimists have answered in the past that America has discovered a new type of economy which would assure such continuance. By the development of mass production and other forms of improved technique, we have found ways of making things at ever lower prices and in ever larger quantities. Coupled with a high wage standard, this technique assures a domestic market for everything we can produce. There is no "saturation point," it used to be said, for an industry operated on these principles.

But this philosophy has suddenly been abandoned by the leaders of the automobile industry—with the possible exception of Henry Ford. We find the principal trade journals recommending higher prices and restricted production. Prices have already been raised in numerous cases, and factories have gone on slower schedules. "No competent judge within the automobile industry itself," writes the Trade and Securities Service of the Standard Statistics Company, "and no careful student outside the industry has the faintest suspicion that a projection of the trend [of production] of the past eight years constitutes anything like normal expectancy for the next five years."

Why this apostasy? Why this desertion of a principle which formerly seemed to work well? It does not result from any consideration of abstract theory, but from a harsh recent experience. The industry has, it appears, run headlong into something, the existence of which it formerly denied—a saturation point. Faced by necessity, the motor companies have gone back to the good old economics of restricted supply. Their calculations are now based on the expectancy that there are few persons who can buy a car and want one, who do not already own it. The industry must rely for its future demand chiefly on replacements of cars by existing owners, and beyond that, on the slow growth of population, of income, and of exports. Several years ago The New Republic argued that this point would probably arrive when there were somewhere between 20,000,000 and 25,000,000 passenger cars in the country. Last year the cars registered and in use numbered something under 23,000,000.

Numerous signs of saturation have appeared. The stock of unsold cars on hand is larger than in five years—in spite of the fact that the 1929 national income, as a whole, was by far the biggest on record. The accumulation of unsold stocks began to be large long before the Wall Street break. On November 1, it was estimated, retail dealers were carrying between 650,000 and 750,000 new cars and between 750,000 and 1,250,000 used cars—besides many more in the hands of those specializing in used cars. The dealers were at the breaking point of their endurance. The pressure on them to take maximum quotas of new cars has been so heavy that in order to sell their allotments they have had to allow much more for the automobiles traded in than they could realize by selling the used cars—if they could sell them at all. Even by this cut in their margins, they were unable to reduce their stocks until the manufacturers reduced output. They are unanimous in calling for less production and higher prices. And manufacturers will be forced to continue to accede to this demand in order to save many dealers from bankruptcy. It is too bad that Thorstein Veblen is not alive to see this vindication of his theory that in a commercial order business men must eventually resort to "ca-canny"—going slow, as workmen sometimes do, in order not to work themselves out of jobs.

Though 1929 saw the largest production of cars on record, those selling for more than $1,000 were produced in smaller quantities than in the previous year—and still the dealers were overstocked with them. Though the cars priced lower—chiefly Fords and Chevrolets—had a larger sale than ever before, this sale was in great measure at the expense of the demand for used cars, and accordingly laid a heavier burden on many dealers. It is a question whether even the least expensive automobiles have not approached their saturation point as well.

This year will undoubtedly fall back to a lower level of output than was achieved in 1929. After

that, there may be some recovery. The manufacturers hope to stabilize their output at about 5,000,000—with slowly growing sales which will not again touch the record of last year before 1935 at the earliest. Even this is a hope based, as Standard Statistics puts it, on the assumption that American automobile users will "continue to be the most wasteful class of human beings that ever inhabited this planet."

For our habit has been "either passing along to someone of smaller purchasing power, or entirely junking units of individual transportation which have many thousands of miles of possible and useful transportation left in them." Cars have not been so much worn out as outmoded; we all want the latest engineering "improvements"—some of which are of dubious practical value from a strictly engineering viewpoint. We want the latest body lines and the shiniest newness. No doubt the manufacturers will be able to devise new baits for us as attractive as the old ones. But shall we be able to swallow them as freely, now that the prices of new cars are to be raised and the trade-in values of old ones are to be reduced? Will there be enough people ready to take our last year's model? Shall we be able to stand the increased depreciation? We may want to be as wasteful as before, but can we afford it?

Altogether, the prospects of industry in general for receiving its accustomed boost from a sky-rocketing motor production are not bright. At best, the automobile industry may find and keep a reasonable level at which it can make customary profits. But it will probably cease to examplify the "new economy." We shall have to look for our stimulus elsewhere. Can it be aviation, television, motorboating? Or what?

Did Hoover Mean Battleships?

IN HIS Armistice Day address President Hoover enunciated two very important principles in successive sentences:

> Proper defense [he said] requires military strength relative to that of other nations. We will reduce our naval strength in proportion to any other. Having said that, it only remains for the others to say how low they will go. It cannot be too low for us.

Neither of these statements was altogether new on the lips of official American spokesmen; but coming together, and at the time they did, they assumed an extraordinary significance. Until a few years ago, every country maintained the theory which the British Admiralty has even yet not abandoned—that there are certain minimum naval needs which must be maintained for defense, irrespective of the size of other navies. The admirals never explained for what this irreducible minimum of warships was to be used, if not to fight the ships of other nations. There is a possible use for a few fast cruisers in patrol service in time of peace, but certainly no such argument can be advanced in regard to the battleship itself; and the admirals—our own as well as the British—have never vouchsafed any explanation of their attitude.

President Hoover's brief and trenchant sentences have blown their contention (to use the proper nautical phraseology) completely out of the water. Certainly armaments are relative. Battleships are intended to fight other battleships, and for nothing else. If all the powers should agree to sink their navies, they would be in the same relative strategic position afterward that they were in before. That is why no outcry was raised in this country when Mr. Hoover made the declaration in the second sentence of the quotation. Our national security is not endangered when we share in a common reduction—and everybody knows it.

In view of all this, it is disturbing to note the character of the reception given by the American government to Mr. MacDonald's suggestion for the complete abolition of the battleship. The exact terms of the response are far from clear; the newspaper dispatches from Washington and from the American delegation to the conference have been vague and to some extent contradictory. But certainly, the proposal was not accepted. The United States is willing to add another five years to the holiday in naval building. It will reduce its fleet by from three to eleven ships if England will reduce by five to thirteen. We have abandoned the idea that there is something mystical about the figure, 35,000 tons, and are prepared to consider a limitation to ships of 30,000 or 25,000 tons each. It is further pointed out that extension of the holiday for another five years, or until 1936, would of course make it possible to take up the question of complete abolition at some future time during this interval, when there were not so many other grave problems to be solved as there are at the London conference. But all these concessions, desirable as they are, add up into something far less desirable than the whole-hearted agreement with Mr. MacDonald's suggestion which would seem to be the only logical reply the United States could make under the terms of Mr. Hoover's pledge of unlimited proportional reduction.

The New Republic has no desire to make a premature judgment upon American policy at this point. It is possible, of course, that our delegation is withholding its consent in order to have a better bargaining position during the conference itself. The French would welcome the elimination of the battleship, but do not want the submarine abolished or even much limited; Mr. Stimson may be seeking to have a quid pro quo to offer France. It is also reasonable to suppose that abolition of the battleship is being withheld in order to obtain British consent to a cruiser tonnage about a third less than the Admiralty wants. The next few weeks will reveal the true attitude of the United States. If it should prove that the administration has surrend-

Automobiles and Prosperity

WILL American prosperity grow between 1930 and 1937 as it did between 1922 and 1929? Will the new period upon which we are now entering show as large an increase in the national income per capita as the one just closed? To answer this question we should have to know whether the same stimulus to growth will continue to exist. A large share of that stimulus, everyone agrees, was provided by the rapid advance of the automobile industry. Therefore, it is interesting to examine the situation and prospects of motors.

One person in every ten of the gainfully occupied worked, in 1929, for the automobile or affiliated companies. They used 85 percent of the rubber imported, 67 percent of the plate glass made in the United States, 19 percent of the iron and steel, 15 percent of the copper, 18 percent of the hardwood lumber, and 27 percent of the lead, and their product consumed 80 percent of the gasoline. Great industries, such as cotton fabrics, subsist to an appreciable extent on the demand of the motor concerns. The important place of the industry in the national economic life makes its fortunes critical. Still more striking, however, is the fact that this demand for labor and materials is something relatively new, something added. Production of cars and trucks in the United States and Canada has more than doubled since 1922. It has grown from 2,646,000 to nearly 5,700,000. If our general prosperity is to grow at anything like the former rate, without new stimuli at present undiscerned, something like the same pace of advance must continue in automobiles.

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But this philosophy has suddenly been abandoned by the leaders of the automobile industry—with the possible exception of Henry Ford. We find the principal trade journals recommending higher prices and restricted production. Prices have already been raised in numerous cases, and factories have gone on slower schedules. "No competent judge within the automobile industry itself," writes the Trade and Securities Service of the Standard Statistics Company, "and no careful student outside the industry has the faintest suspicion that a projection of the trend [of production] of the past eight years constitutes anything like normal expectancy for the next five years."

Why this apostasy? Why this desertion of a principle which formerly seemed to work well? It does not result from any consideration of abstract theory, but from a harsh recent experience. The industry has, it appears, run headlong into something, the existence of which it formerly denied—a saturation point. Faced by necessity, the motor companies have gone back to the good old economics of restricted supply. Their calculations are now based on the expectancy that there are few persons who can buy a car and want one, who do not already own it. The industry must rely for its future demand chiefly on replacements of cars by existing owners, and beyond that, on the slow growth of population, of income, and of exports. Several years ago The New Republic argued that this point would probably arrive when there were somewhere between 20,000,000 and 25,000,000 passenger cars in the country. Last year the cars registered and in use numbered something under 23,000,000.

Numerous signs of saturation have appeared. The stock of unsold cars on hand is larger than in five years—in spite of the fact that the 1929 national income, as a whole, was by far the biggest on record. The accumulation of unsold stocks began to be large long before the Wall Street break. On November 1, it was estimated, retail dealers were carrying between 650,000 and 750,000 new cars and between 750,000 and 1,250,000 used cars—besides many more in the hands of those specializing in used cars. The dealers were at the breaking point of their endurance. The pressure on them to take maximum quotas of new cars has been so heavy that in order to sell their allotments they have had to allow much more for the automobiles traded in than they could realize by selling the used cars—if they could sell them at all. Even by this cut in their margins, they were unable to reduce their stocks until the manufacturers reduced output. They are unanimous in calling for less production and higher prices. And manufacturers will be forced to continue to accede to this demand in order to save many dealers from bankruptcy. It is too bad that Thorstein Veblen is not alive to see this vindication of his theory that in a commercial order business men must eventually resort to "ca-canny"—going slow, as workmen sometimes do, in order not to work themselves out of jobs.

Though 1929 saw the largest production of cars on record, those selling for more than $1,000 were produced in smaller quantities than in the previous year—and still the dealers were overstocked with them. Though the cars priced lower—chiefly Fords and Chevrolets—had a larger sale than ever before, this sale was in great measure at the expense of the demand for used cars, and accordingly laid a heavier burden on many dealers. It is a question whether even the least expensive automobiles have not approached their saturation point as well.

This year will undoubtedly fall back to a lower level of output than was achieved in 1929. After

that, there may be some recovery. The manufacturers hope to stabilize their output at about 5,000,000—with slowly growing sales which will not again touch the record of last year before 1935 at the earliest. Even this is a hope based, as Standard Statistics puts it, on the assumption that American automobile users will "continue to be the most wasteful class of human beings that ever inhabited this planet."

For our habit has been "either passing along to someone of smaller purchasing power, or entirely junking units of individual transportation which have many thousands of miles of possible and useful transportation left in them." Cars have not been so much worn out as outmoded; we all want the latest engineering "improvements"—some of which are of dubious practical value from a strictly engineering viewpoint. We want the latest body lines and the shiniest newness. No doubt the manufacturers will be able to devise new baits for us as attractive as the old ones. But shall we be able to swallow them as freely, now that the prices of new cars are to be raised and the trade-in values of old ones are to be reduced? Will there be enough people ready to take our last year's model? Shall we be able to stand the increased depreciation? We may want to be as wasteful as before, but can we afford it?

Altogether, the prospects of industry in general for receiving its accustomed boost from a sky-rocketing motor production are not bright. At best, the automobile industry may find and keep a reasonable level at which it can make customary profits. But it will probably cease to examplify the "new economy." We shall have to look for our stimulus elsewhere. Can it be aviation, television, motorboating? Or what?

Did Hoover Mean Battleships?

IN HIS Armistice Day address President Hoover enunciated two very important principles in successive sentences:

> Proper defense [he said] requires military strength relative to that of other nations. We will reduce our naval strength in proportion to any other. Having said that, it only remains for the others to say how low they will go. It cannot be too low for us.

Neither of these statements was altogether new on the lips of official American spokesmen; but coming together, and at the time they did, they assumed an extraordinary significance. Until a few years ago, every country maintained the theory which the British Admiralty has even yet not abandoned—that there are certain minimum naval needs which must be maintained for defense, irrespective of the size of other navies. The admirals never explained for what this irreducible minimum of warships was to be used, if not to fight the ships of other nations. There is a possible use for a few fast cruisers in patrol service in time of peace, but certainly no such argument can be advanced in regard to the battleship itself; and the admirals—our own as well as the British—have never vouchsafed any explanation of their attitude.

President Hoover's brief and trenchant sentences have blown their contention (to use the proper nautical phraseology) completely out of the water. Certainly armaments are relative. Battleships are intended to fight other battleships, and for nothing else. If all the powers should agree to sink their navies, they would be in the same relative strategic position afterward that they were in before. That is why no outcry was raised in this country when Mr. Hoover made the declaration in the second sentence of the quotation. Our national security is not endangered when we share in a common reduction—and everybody knows it.

In view of all this, it is disturbing to note the character of the reception given by the American government to Mr. MacDonald's suggestion for the complete abolition of the battleship. The exact terms of the response are far from clear; the newspaper dispatches from Washington and from the American delegation to the conference have been vague and to some extent contradictory. But certainly, the proposal was not accepted. The United States is willing to add another five years to the holiday in naval building. It will reduce its fleet by from three to eleven ships if England will reduce by five to thirteen. We have abandoned the idea that there is something mystical about the figure, 35,000 tons, and are prepared to consider a limitation to ships of 30,000 or 25,000 tons each. It is further pointed out that extension of the holiday for another five years, or until 1936, would of course make it possible to take up the question of complete abolition at some future time during this interval, when there were not so many other grave problems to be solved as there are at the London conference. But all these concessions, desirable as they are, add up into something far less desirable than the whole-hearted agreement with Mr. MacDonald's suggestion which would seem to be the only logical reply the United States could make under the terms of Mr. Hoover's pledge of unlimited proportional reduction.

The New Republic has no desire to make a premature judgment upon American policy at this point. It is possible, of course, that our delegation is withholding its consent in order to have a better bargaining position during the conference itself. The French would welcome the elimination of the battleship, but do not want the submarine abolished or even much limited; Mr. Stimson may be seeking to have a quid pro quo to offer France. It is also reasonable to suppose that abolition of the battleship is being withheld in order to obtain British consent to a cruiser tonnage about a third less than the Admiralty wants. The next few weeks will reveal the true attitude of the United States. If it should prove that the administration has surrend-

ered to the Admirals and their sophisticated argument that the battleship is a "floating fortress" and therefore takes the place of big guns along the shore, then peace-loving American citizens should rise en masse and demand that Mr. Hoover make good on his pledge and accept the British proposal. America took the lead in proposing a halt to the race in competitive armament. It would be a matter for national humiliation, as well as a tragic blow to the advancement of the cause of peace, if we were now to break faith.

The Pope's Encyclical

ON READING the Pope's encyclical on education, a complete translation of which has just been published by The New York Times, one is impressed first of all by certain qualities of thought and diction. It is vigorous, logical, dignified; it conveys a compelling atmosphere of faith. Even a somewhat hostile reader cannot fail to respect its noble style, its complete consistency, and its fidelity to the traditions of a Church for which time seems not to exist; for which Tertullian, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Filippo Neri and all the great Catholic educators of the past are contemporaries of one another and of ourselves.

As for the ideas which it sets forth, they may be divided roughly into two categories. Partly they consist of high moral principles to which educators all over the world will subscribe. Chiefly, however, they are arguments directed against what the Pope evidently considers to be the two chief enemies of Catholic educational principles. The first of these is the "statism" which prevails in Italy and Russia —the idea that children belong to the State before belonging to their families, and that the State has absolute rights over their education. The second is the liberal ideal of education which is beginning to prevail in the United States.

The Pope is inalterably opposed to the whole theory, partly derived from Rousseau, which holds that the function of education is to "lead out," to develop the inherent possibilities of the child. This is the theory which has produced the Walden School and other private institutions, and which is now influencing the public school system of many cities. The Pope attacks this "pedagogic naturalism." "Every method of education is erroneous," he says, "which is founded wholly or in part on the negation or forgetfulness of original sin and of grace, or, in other words, only on the forces in human nature. . . . Folly is bound up in the heart of a child, and the rod of correction shall drive it away."

The Pope, moreover, is opposed to sex instruction in the schools. "Very widespread," he says, "is the error of those who, with dangerous presumptuousness and ugly words, promote so-called sexual education, falsely believing that they can forewarn young people against the dangers of the senses with purely natural means." For similar reasons he is opposed to coeducation, "founded," so he says, "on a deplorable confusion of ideas which confound the legitimate living together of human beings with promiscuity." He deplores the fact that "these pernicious errors . . . are gaining too much ground among Catholic peoples." Finally, suggesting the desirability of a sterner censorship, he proclaims the necessity for "wider and more accurate vigilance . . . because the opportunities for moral and religious shipwreck for inexperienced youth have grown, especially through impious or licentious books, many of which are diabolically circulated at a low price, through the cinematograph and now also the radio."

In the present encyclical, there is nothing to disturb the American State, or those Ku Kluxers and reactionary patriots who so noisily support it. The State, through the Supreme Court decision in the Oregon case, has wisely conceded the right of religious organizations to have their own schools; it insists merely on its own powers "reasonably to regulate all schools, to inspect, supervise and examine them, their teachers and pupils." The Church now concedes that the State can exercise this power of supervision; that it "can demand and see to it that all citizens have necessary knowledge of their civic and national duties." Thus, the Pope's encyclical reveals no dangerous conflict of principle between the Catholic Church and the American State.

It reveals, however, a real conflict with certain phases of American liberalism. This conflict is not merely one of educational theory. Beneath the ideas expressed in the present document, there is evident an underlying spirit of Catholic puritanism, a spirit which may conceivably be extended from the field of education into that of public morals and government. For, as we have seen from the example of such modern Catholic cities as Rome, Dublin, Munich—and Boston might be added to the list—a Catholic puritanism is often no less hostile to free speech and liberal ideas than is the Calvinistic puritanism with which it sometimes cooperates.

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A Policy for Progressives

THE extent to which one country can learn from the political experience of another is smaller than idealists generally suppose. The successes of European liberalism have always evoked a warm emotional response in America; but the response has often been rendered abortive through too close a copying of policies or tactics. Circumstances alter cases so much that the situation has to be thought out afresh in every instance; and in the warmth of the emotional response this process is apt to seem chilling and ungrateful. None the less, it is necessary.

The rise of the British Labor party has thrilled many more people in America than the small minority who would subscribe to its fundamental doctrine. But the same is true of Britain. Mr. MacDonald's eight million supporters certainly comprise a large number who care little for the Fabian socialist platform of 1918, but very much for the practical chance of a liberal policy. Indeed, it sometimes looks as if Mr. MacDonald himself were in this group. There has admittedly been a sharp slump in socialist theory of all kinds during the last ten years: not altogether for negative reasons. To regard the Labor party's success as a pure triumph for socialism would be naïve, and there are probably few people, even in America, who do so.

There is an important distinction to be drawn between propagandist policy and responsible policy. A program that does well enough for a party in the protest stage may do not so well, and may even do quite badly, for its later development. One wonders, for instance, how Mr. Thomas (James, not Norman) feels about the "fundamental principle" of the 1918 program "that in a modern industrial community it is one of the foremost obligations of the government to find for every willing worker, whether by hand or by brain, productive work at standard rates." Professor John Dewey was quoted recently in The New York Times as urging that in the new generation "the right of every individual to work will be recognized morally *and legally*." (Italics mine.) Professor Dewey does perhaps really mean to claim all that that implies, despite the unsolved difficulties suggested by history and economics. But it is not good platform building, because it concentrates the attention of both critics and supporters upon means which are very debatable to the exclusion of ends which would win general assent. This is a very common fault of progressive programs. The maxim may be laid down with a good deal of certainty that advance enunciations of aims or principles, by progressives, should avoid everything doctrinaire—attractive as it naturally is to intellectuals—and fight as far as possible on empirical lines. This is not to say that there should be no general programs; but general programs should be concerned exclusively with ends, leaving the particular means to be developed pragmatically in the light of experience. History is full of the wrecks of promising movements that tied themselves too rigidly to particular means and went down with all hands in the rough weather of practical politics.

This is, no doubt, a plea for opportunism. But the League for Independent Political Action is, I hope, opportunist—in the sense of caring more for practical reform than for the formation of a compact minority pledged to a specific economic creed. After all, anybody can achieve the latter objective—anybody who is sufficiently vocal, tenacious and dogmatic. It is in the practical, not the theoretic, pursuit of the general ends of economic security, equal opportunity, and the elimination of non-functional claims on national income, that the test of political ability really lies.

Any hints that British experience may contain for American progressives reside mainly in the eighties and the early nineties of the last century. One—and the most outstanding—aspect of that period is distinctly encouraging: namely, the extraordinarily heterogeneous character of the movement from which the present Labor party sprang. There were strict Marxians, revisionists led by that grand old warhorse, Hyndman, utopian revolutionaries with Morris, the Christian socialist tradition carried forward from Maurice and Ruskin to Barnett and Toynbee, the Henry George influence and the numerous land societies (all very highbrow, but in deadly earnest), the Fabians with their scintillating galaxy of literary, aristocratic and even capitalistic reformers, the radical workingmen's clubs (with only a very small trade-union element), the rebel union group with Burns and Mann, the radical freethinkers led by Blatchford, the coöperators with an already long experience in proletarian education—a miscellany that drew from every class and section of thinking men and women. Many of its elements have their obvious counterpart in contemporary America. There was brilliant journalism, lots of useful rioting, and no cohesion whatever. Cole says of the Independent Labor party (1893)—from whose title Keir Hardie deliberately expunged the term "Socialist"—"It gathered up in its ranks a great mass of ethical as well as economic discontent and aspiration—the trade unionist sick of the narrow exclusiveness of the older craft union, the middle-class sympathizer whose generous impulses led him to throw in his lot with the poor and needy, the intellectual who realized the bankruptcy of the older parties . . . and the seeker after a new way of life to whom the

great depression had laid bare the illusion of Victorian progress—a sufficiently heterogeneous mass *likely to be welded together more by opportunity than by doctrine.*"

But the nascent British movement was fortunate in being able to avail itself of two factors that are denied to the present American one. Several times during the Southern textile crisis of 1929, I found myself thinking of the part played by the great English dock strike of forty years ago in focusing all this scattered aspiration on an urgent practical issue, and wondering whether the occasion might not be made similarly fruitful. But to wonder was to realize the fundamental difficulty of American progressivism. *Practically all the issues on which American liberalism could be effectively mobilized are issues that arise under the police power of the states.* Mobilization is frustrated by the existence of forty-eight separate political and legal jurisdictions. As to federal issues, there is far less general agreement.

The British had all along the enormous advantage of dealing with only one political and legal sovereign. American liberalism is hamstrung by the existence of political sectionalism along with economic centralization. It must undoubtedly look increasingly toward the federal power, the only power that is adequate to the largest problems. But in the meantime the issues that would make the best fighting—from both a practical and a propagandist point of view—arise in a sphere which immobilizes the larger part of liberal opinion.

A second factor, and the decisive one, in the British success was the existence of a large urban population unrepresented in Parliament, and largely unenfranchised. Hardie and MacDonald saw in this fact the grand political opportunity, and hammered away on the idea, not of a Socialist party but of a workingmen's party; and the British Supreme Court played straight into their hands. The policy has entailed its problems, as no one knows better than MacDonald; but from a practical point of view it was the best, perhaps the only policy. Broadly speaking, there is in America no such political occasion. It is true that, owing to the refusal of Congress to reapportion, the urban population is grossly under-represented; but no one would assert that the conditions are similar, or that such a slogan could be anywhere near so effective.

It must be remembered, however (it is commonly forgotten), that a vigorous campaign of fully twenty years was necessary *inside the ranks* of British trade unionism before organized labor could be induced to take firm hold of the new political weapon. Despite the growing weakness of labor here, and the immensely greater power of the opposition, such a campaign might do wonders. For it offers one strong tactical advantage.

All through the nineteenth century, liberal movements in Britain followed one tactical pattern: they all made immense use of, and sometimes sprang from, local centers of discussion and agitation. The richness and variety of these local groups in British history is amazing; but from the mid-century it was the labor group that provided the most general and reliable nuclei. It is these local nuclei that American liberalism seems so far to have failed to develop—and must develop if it is to get anywhere in the long run, since federal as well as state issues need local agitation. It may be, of course, that some other kind of basis than the employment relation may provide the best starting point. England, before the period of generally recognized trade unionism, relied largely on proletarian discussion clubs, and there was neither the fact nor the need for uniformity of structure or basis. Perhaps American liberalism will devise new types of local group action; but there is an obvious advantage in endeavoring to build on existing types.

Britain went farther. Under Fabian leadership, the progressives used the despised field of local government as a training ground for the larger campaign that was to come. Some of their best work was done in the sphere of "gas-and-water socialism." The American movement has not, and never has had, anywhere near enough men with actual experience of political or legal issues to deal with one-quarter of the cases that might be utilized. The few first-raters it now has simply cannot get around fast enough even to give advice. On the face of it, there seems to be a need for permanent supplementary organization.

Action of this kind is probably necessary if the work done among the college population by such organizations as the League for Industrial Democracy is to be consolidated and brought to fruition in later years. I suspect we all have a tendency to fob off some of our practical difficulties on the "newer generation" in a mood of rather vague and general optimism. It is true that the newer generation exhibits a good deal of genuine idealism and aspiration, for encouraging which we of the pre-War vintage may claim some small credit. Perhaps our old bottles can't hold the new wine; but that should merely emphasize the need for new bottles.

WILLIAM ORTON.

The Trick of Change

Long though the truth be hidden
  When love enseals the eye,
The trick of change is certain,
  And Time will cast the die.

No season lasts forever,
  No pity lives for long,
Love will take up its wages,
  And sing a different song.

Though fancy fall a-grieving
  Life upon love succeeds;
So out, thou February:
  Come March, with burly deeds!

A. E. COPPARD.

Normalcy in the Carolinas

ALTHOUGH the labor conflict in the South has continued openly for nearly a year, it is still frequently dismissed as a series of sporadic outbreaks. These are produced, it is said, by Northern agitators, who have inflamed the hitherto contented workers. Many Southerners honestly believe that if such agitators could be permanently expelled from the mill regions—by intimidation, by prison sentences or by any other means—life for the workers would return to "normalcy," and that normalcy means being glad to work sixty hours a week for $10. As a matter of fact, the role of the labor agitator in the present struggle is incidental. The strikes in Tennessee and the Carolinas are symptoms that reveal a deep-seated and almost universal discontent, of which Gastonia, Elizabethton and Marion are merely the focal points.

This discontent, moreover, is not of recent appearance. A few years ago, I spent much time in the mill villages of the Carolinas, trying to discover what the conditions were, and how the workers reacted to them. What I learned during those weeks will help to explain the background and the underlying causes of the present struggle.

At the time, there was no expectation of labor troubles in the near future, and yet, even in those peaceful days, the impression I received was neither one of contentment and conscious well-being, nor of logical thinking that would lead to the demand for a trade union. There were many indications of discontent, but there was very little crystallized opinion on the subject of how this discontent might be expressed in action. The recent strikes are a sign, perhaps, that the workers have at last made up their minds.

One very decided indication of unrest was then, and is today, the high rate of labor turnover in the mills. There is, in the textile regions, a constant stream of workers going from one mill to another. The absence of home ownership or long-time rentals and the scantiness of household goods contribute to the ease with which a move can be made. A family comes to the mill with high hopes; it finds these dashed; it often regrets the loss of certain advantages it had possessed in the country districts, and so it sets off to another village in search of something better. Failing to find more desirable conditions, it attributes the fault to the particular mill and not to mill life in general, with the result that other moves are made until the habit becomes chronic. The answer to dissatisfaction in one mill is moving to another which is, perhaps, no different.

More direct indications of unrest were found in the statements of the workers, who complained consistently of their short wages, long hours, and of the difficulty of maintaining a family in decency under mill conditions. They did not feel that their exchange of farming for mill work was such an advantageous one for them that they owed everlasting gratitude to a kind benefactor in the person of a mill manager. There were, however, few direct criticisms of the management. Most of the workers considered their bad conditions, not as the manager's fault, but as a sort of general scheme for which nobody was responsible.

Another source of discontent was found in the workers' feeling about the future of their children. It is a fact that most children of mill workers follow their parents into the mills. The demand of the management that each house should furnish a certain number of workers, the low wages of the parents, and the ease with which a child living under the eaves of the mill finds employment there, combine to determine the fate of mill-town children. Yet the parents have other ideals for them. One man said, "I'll work my fingers to the bone, and me and the old woman will live on bread and water, but I aim to keep the children out of the mill. Once they pass the gates, they're done for. There ain't no way out." The fervor with which all mill parents agree with this sentiment shows that they feel something other than pride in their work and station in life.

Added to this, and perhaps a very important part of it, is the effect on the worker of the isolation of life in a mill village. Most of these villages in the South are outside the corporate limits of the towns. In such cases, and often when the mill is within the town limits, the *people* live on one side of the town and the *mill people*, or the "lint heads," as they are called, live on the other. Between the two there is a great gulf fixed, a distinction of caste. There is little social or even business intercourse, since a mill is likely to have its own store.

The psychological effect of being set apart in a mill village and being thought different clay from the other people in a community, of living in mill houses, of sending one's children to mill schools, of going to mill churches and community houses, of being regulated in every phase of social and economic life by officials of the company, has a great bearing on the situation at the present time. Even before the recent strikes and the events growing out of them, during which many workers have become class conscious in an economic sense, thousands of them were class conscious in a social sense. They speak of "mill hill"—a name applied regardless of topography—with a note of contempt in their voices. They say, "Onc't you get on a mill hill, there ain't no gettin' off. It plain swallers you

up, and you can't get nowhere but to another hill no better than the one you left. The mill shore puts its mark on you."

Nor were these workers several years ago totally in the dark about "this bright message of unionism." Many of them had been in the unions organized just after the War. In most cases they said they favored having another union; they maintained their right to organize. Yet they were realists, and they knew something about the price they would have to pay. Perhaps they did not calculate in terms of "life and liberty costs," as they would now, but many of their remarks are indicative of their thinking. One man told me, for example, "The boss he shore ain't goin' to have no union help in this mill. He'd jest naturally kick the life outen a man what would join up with one, much less get up one."

So, in spite of the vociferous denials of the Senators from North Carolina and of many other people, there are not only very bad industrial conditions in the Southern textile area, but there is also a great amount of social discontent among the workers—those in the so-called peaceful areas as well as those who have been in the strikes. Many of the mill hands, especially the older ones, have been worn out by hard work; they have had very few educational advantages, and for years they have been "hand-fed" by the management. Many of them are likely to react in times of excitement with the greatest enthusiasm, but when the tough everyday pull comes, they are likely to feel what had been said, perhaps in different words, by workers in all parts of the country: "There ain't no use. There is too much agin you. All you get is out in the street." However, over against that is the already existing sense of solidarity, even though it is bred of a feeling of inferiority. And finally, there is the rugged native leadership which has been brought out by the strikers.

I vividly remember a small, sandy-haired, sunburned man who had been president of a powerful local during the organization drive in 1920; at present he is blacklisted out of the trade. "The union?" he said. "Oh, yes, Ma'am, I was right there when it started and when it stopped, and it was an awful pity it did, too. Did the folks stick together? I reckon they did. You ain't never seen no such stickin' as there was till things got so bad. The women? Yes, Ma'am. They stuck, too, and were as good in the union as the men, only some of them did have too much mouth. . . . Yes, there was traitors in the crowd, and that did cause a heap of trouble. But since the time of Christ there has been traitors, one in every twelve people. You jest have to lay your plans for them when you start out. The truth it has ter come out some day, but it takes a long time. A lie c'n run around the world while the truth is gettin' its clo'se on. It shore is a hard job, but it's a-comin'. This country is mighty quiet, but there is goin' to be a flutter before long. The unions was good and they will have to come back. It made the folks use their minds. It shore does workers good to use their minds and do some thinkin' of their own. Yes, Ma'am, it shore does."

LOIS MACDONALD.

The "Unspeakable" Russians

NOW at last the Soviet government has "expressed its amazement." It has been passed by in the street as if it did not exist; it has been snubbed in community meetings by our Department of State; it has had quarantine notices tacked on the door by its officious American neighbors; and finally, these same neighbors have undertaken to read it a lesson in courtesy. It has not answered them directly; instead it has called upon still other neighbors, the French, to act as go-between. Sharply and almost jubilantly—for the Soviet government has rarely been granted such an excellent opportunity to return snub for snub and high hat for high hat—it has accused the Americans of performing an unfriendly act.

In order to understand the Russian reply to Mr. Stimson's note on the Kellogg Pact, it would be well to review our recent relations with what we have chosen to regard as a non-existent government.

For ten years, our Department of State has acted like a snooty old lady who repeatedly admonished her children not to enter the house of the wicked neighbor down the street, but whose children constantly did go into the wicked neighbor's house to eat cookies, listen to the radio, play with the puppies and slide down the cellar door.

It all began long ago when American business men rebelled at the cold-shoulder policy of the State Department, and went to Russia without passport visas to pull out such delectable and irresistible plums as contracts for power plants and automobile factories and orders for cotton, copper and steel. It continued until trade with Russia had more than doubled the pre-War figure, until American sales to Russia were nearly triple the amount of Russian sales to the United States, and until such respectables as Henry Ford, General Motors, Equitable Trust, Chase National Bank, Standard Oil, International Harvester and General Electric could all be classed among the bad boys who ran off to visit the house of the wicked neighbor down the street.

During all this time, the State Department re-

laxed its high-hat policy in only one respect. It allowed American banks to negotiate long-term loans with Russia provided that the money was to be used for the purchase of American goods. And to be strictly fair, the State Department did relax in another way. It abandoned the policy of telling gruesome stories about the horrors which awaited anyone foolish enough to enter Russia. It offered no passport visas, but at the same time it offered no vast amount of discouragement. Aside from this, the State Department remained cold, aloof and decidedly up-stage. It was aware that its bad boys were playing all over the Russian front yard and getting choice morsels out of the Soviet cookie jar, but it looked the other way and said nothing.

It even looked the other way during the International Soils conference, when the Department of Agriculture, which really should have known better, submitted to the State Department a list of countries which it wished to be invited. Russia was on the list. The State Department pointed out that Congress had appropriated the money to pay the expenses of the International Soils conference, that this conference was, therefore, an official undertaking of the United States, and that the United States, not recognizing the existence of a Soviet government, could under no circumstances allow that government to attend the conference, much less send an official invitation. To which the Department of Agriculture replied that it knew nothing about diplomatic protocols; it only knew that Russia controlled about one-sixth of the soil of which the earth was made, and that if Russia was not represented and did not bring samples of her soil, there could be no conference.

At first the State Department was adamant. Then it yielded to the extent of allowing the Russians to attend the conference. It declined to invite them. That might have constituted recognition. But they were invited privately, and came as private individuals—not as representatives of the government which controls one-sixth of the soil of which the earth is made. And after the conference was over, one of the Russians was given a desk in the Department of Agriculture and remained there for several months sending reports to his government about the agricultural system of a government which did not admit that his own government existed.

About this time the State Department's policy of high-hatting Russia received another jolt. It was at Geneva during the World Economic conference in 1927. Representatives of the Soviet government were there, and also representatives of the government of the United States, headed by Henry M. Robinson, a prominent Los Angeles banker and an intimate friend of Herbert Hoover. And while most of the delegates from Europe took a leaf from the State Department's policy book and presented a very cold shoulder to the Russians, the American delegation pulled with them as one team. In fact, it was Henry M. Robinson who went to bat for the Russians when they walked out during the closing days of the conference, and who finally persuaded them to come back.

But it was not until the Russian government proposed to send the airplane, "Land of the Soviets," across the Pacific on a good-will flight to the United States, that the sorely tried State Department had to extend at least a faint paternal blessing to the bad boys who insisted upon aiding and abetting the wicked Russians. For this time it was not merely the Department of Agriculture which rebelled at the State Department's policy, but also the Navy, the Treasury and the Department of Commerce.

The State Department began by being rather uppitty about the flight. It required the four Russian fliers to go all the way to the American consulate in Berlin—about 1,000 miles out of their way—in order to apply in person for passport visas to enter the United States. They complied with this requirement. Thereupon, the Department of Agriculture, already convinced that communism is not like the measles, even when one harbors a Russian under one's roof, immediately extended its weather reports, and the Navy arranged to radio these reports across the Behring Sea from Alaska. Later, when the four Russian fliers were down off the Alaskan coast, the Navy seemed to take the view that a life is a life, whether Republican, Democratic or Communist, and sent a squadron of airplanes, tugs and other available vessels to search for them.

Even Seymour Lowman, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, widely renowned as this country's chief protector from the deluge of radical literature which swamps the customs authorities, went out of his way to lend the Russian aviators a hand. The island of Attu in the Aleutians, on which they had to land, is not a port of entry, but Mr. Lowman permitted oil and gasoline to be sent there in advance, thereby technically violating the law.

The Department of Commerce arranged for the use of landing fields in the United States, and last of all the Department of Labor agreed to behave. Once before it had stopped two Russian youths who were cycling around the world, and, despite the fact that they had American visas, had had them arrested and deported on the ground that they exceeded the Russian immigration quota and would have to wait some forty years before they could enter. Labor Department officials even slit open their bicycle tires to make sure that they did not contain propaganda. This time, however, the State Department warned the Immigration Bureau of the impending Russian arrival so that the plane might not be pulled to pieces in search of Red literature. Then, as an act of unprecedented courtesy, the State Department wrote letters to the governors of the states over whose territory the "Land of the Soviets" had to pass between Seattle and New York, asking permission for the plane to use the air space overhead. There were no objections.

After all this had been arranged and the fliers

were crossing the United States, the State Department performed one final act which clearly indicated that the age of miracles is not yet past. It informed the War Department that it had no objection to the Russian plane's coming to Washington. It did this a little belatedly, and only after several Senators had made caustic remarks about the apparent fear of the State Department that the Russian plane was loaded with bombs ready to be dropped on the Capitol. But, nevertheless, it did grant its permission.

From all of this, it began to appear—before the dispatch of the Stimson note—that Frank B. Kellogg's hallucinations about the Red menace would not haunt the State Department forever, that this matronly institution was ceasing to reprove her bad boys when they went down the street to slide on the cellar door of the unspeakable Russians, and that the old lady was actually encouraging them to do so. But her new attitude remains for the future to decide.

DREW PEARSON.

Spy-Hunters: 1930

Fear not the open enemy
Who fights you bold as sin;
But rather fear the communist,
The cancer from within.
—Lyric from The Sojourner, organ of the National Sojourners.

WOULD you like to receive the latest information on the liberal, pacifist and communist menace to America? Would you care to be a patriotic sleuth and to keep an eye on your vicinity for a Red uprising? Do you know whether your daughter's sociology professor is sneaking in a sex questionnaire now and then? Is your pastor voicing disloyalty and sedition when he prays for peace and world disarmament? Are the newspapers you read getting money from Moscow? Are communists clapped in jail promptly? How about fellows like John Dewey, S. Parkes Cadman and J. Henry Scattergood? Are they all right?

The American Vigilant Intelligence Federation of 111 West Washington Street, Chicago—"dedicated to revealing the boring-from-within tactics of anti-American groups"—is the organization for you to join. Their latest invitation offered to free American citizens to enlist in spy-hunting and Red-baiting for the New Year is as follows:

> We want to maintain our work rather *sub rosa.* Membership is on the basis of $5 per year, for which the member gets our weekly bulletin service and special releases at times when necessary; and in return is expected to keep the office advised of subversive developments in his community by sending in newspaper clippings and, when requested, to cover certain meetings of "intelligentsia" groups. . . . Immediately upon receipt of your application to the A. V. I. F., we will send you your code. . . . Our enrolment includes influential citizens in every walk of life, from attorney-generals of states down to the humble housewife. Furthermore, we have liaison with those in the "seats of the mighty" both in our country and abroad. . . . There is no organization in the United States engaged in combatting subversion as well known and relied upon for accurate information as is the A. V. I. F.

In this interesting invitation, the Vigilants offer no reason why their work should be kept under cover. But the point makes sure-fire selling talk, and is an aid to recruiting in the Bonus Belt, where men are lodge members and women belong to the "Auxiliaries." In a way it reveals that the process of converting patriots to the spy-hunting business is difficult, unless done behind closed doors with some secret fiddle-faddle. But once the conversion is accomplished, the citizen emerges into the daylight with his code, credentials and theme-song, a different person. "Our members are virtually all *active* workers in the Cause of Americanism," say the Vigilants, and each belongs to "the biggest little organization in the United States."

The $5 that the new member has to fork over, be assured, is a mere nothing. It does not begin to keep the salaried Vigilants and their field men in pocket money. There is an office maintained in Chicago, and they run up a huge mimeograph and printing bill—furnishing "by request, thousands of individuals accurate complete information each year so that the subversive movement may be exposed for what it is." To provide more income for their treasury, the Vigilants offer a special "Industrial Service" for $25 per year, which delineates the various subversive menaces to industry and big business. When this revenue is not sufficient "every loyal citizen can give a contribution of any amount" and it will be gladly accepted. And the rest of the money necessary to keep the Vigilants' spy-hunting activities running at top speed is furnished by one man—Mr. Harry A. Jung.

"I am its financial angel," Mr. Jung states, "and I have spent well into five figures in carrying on its activities during the past year."

Do not think, however, that Mr. Jung has contributed "well into five figures" of his own money. Most of it was provided by other people; but Mr. Jung spent it. Even if he spent it on himself, the Vigilants would be getting their money's worth, for Mr. Jung is "general manager, all around factotum, founding father and inspiration of the thing."

He became adept in the spy-hunting business some years ago, when he was a commissioner for the National Clay Products Industries Association. He was a private detective, it is said, in his earlier years. Later he manufactured limber patriotic arguments for the Industrial Defense Association and the Massachusetts Public Interests League when these Back Bay societies were steaming up for a drive against free speech, liberalism and the liberal churches and colleges in New England. His work, along with that of Fred Marvin, Harry Curran Wilbur and Major-General Amos A. Fries, was highly appreciated, and it occurred to Mr. Jung that he ought to have his own spy-hunting organization, a trifle more secret, perhaps, and built along the lines of a military intelligence outfit. Thus, the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation was the fruit of his labors—and it prospers.

The main business of the Vigilants is the collection, compilation and publishing of data on the subversives in this country. Of course, Mr. Jung and the Vigilants have plenty of time for other patriotic activities, such as seeing to it that alleged communists are arrested and held in default of exorbitant bail, but they are never so happy as when they are circulating a *dossier* upon some individual in an attempt to show him up as a communist and a subversive. Thus, in a ponderous mimeographed report, "Who Is Back of the Pacifist Movement Opposing National Defense," they say about Professor John Dewey:

> In 1923 he wrote a pamphlet, "If War Were Outlawed," which was circulated by several radical organizations. He is a contributing editor to The New Republic. . . . He also joined the League of Mutual Aid . . . was one of the professors who signed a protest against the law [Lusk Law, New York State, 1920] . . . advocates outlawry of war. . . . Professor Dewey heads more pink subversive organizations than any other professor in the country.

Alleged deficiencies in sportsmanship are sufficient evidence to Mr. Jung and the Vigilants to make a man suspect. In the same report, there is a coy note about J. Henry Scattergood, Haverford and Harvard graduate, treasurer of the Pennsylvania Working Home for the Blind, member of the Red Cross Commission to France, member of the Friends' Service Committee, and advocate of world disarmament:

> At Haverford College he was an accomplished cricket player. . . . It is said, however, that he has been seen to kick the wicket with his foot to jar the balls off when they came close to the stumps, which characterizes his poor sportsmanship and is indicative of his mental capacity in other phases of life.

The same report calls Jane Addams "the most dangerous woman in America." Bishop Brewster of Maine is "a revolutionist." Sherwood Eddy is a "pro-Russian propagandist." Kirby Page is an "absolute pacifist." Francis B. Sayre, son-in-law of President Wilson and professor of Law at Harvard is a "parlor Bolshevik," as are Dean Pound and Professor Frankfurter of the same university. Rabbi Wise is an "endorser of racial equality for Negroes." Also mentioned in the same report are Senator Borah, Mrs. Carrie C. Catt, Zona Gale, Henry Noble MacCracken, Senator George W. Norris and George Foster Peabody.

The weekly bulletin service of the Vigilants, their Items of Interest, is more concerned with what is going on from day to day. For instance, they are frightened at the amount of subversivism that is creeping in on the bench. Unless a judge gives a pacifist or less-than-100-percenter twenty years for holding a meeting or a parade without a permit, the Vigilants become extremely nervous and sad. Items of Interest for August 13, 1929, reports the case of one Joseph Mittelman, a foreign-born American citizen arrested and charged with holding a public meeting illegally and with distributing "incendiary literature" in Chicago. Mittelman secured a jury trial and was speedily acquitted when his attorney pleaded the right of free speech. But Vigilants had a different idea about the matter:

> Once again irrefutable proof of the value of apathy, indifference and ignorance as an aid to communism was evidenced. It is indeed a sad sight to see twelve men in a jury box . . . aid and abet communism by freeing communists who were proven to have violated city laws and whose only intent and purpose was the building of a communist sentiment favorable to the intended overthrow of the government of the United States.

Items of Interest for August 20, 1929, carries some more "accurate information" of the Vigilants. Their New York correspondent sends this note:

> The Workers' Center, 26-28 Union Square, New York City, has been treated to a new coat of paint in the official colors of the Soviet Union. We now have an official Red Square in New York City typifying the Red Square in Moscow, and the Communist headquarters in New York painted in the symbolical colors of the revolutionary regime of the Soviets.

Sex bothers the Vigilants. It has something to do with communism and they are afraid of it. Thus, when The Nation published an article on "Sanity and Sex" and the program of the World League for Sexual Reform, the Vigilants in their Items of Interest expressed grave concern:

> Things have come to a pretty pass when a weekly with a national circulation can boldly advocate such departure from decency and morals. . . . Promiscuity in sex . . . can mean nothing but the destruction of the home and the sacred institution of marriage, and the destruction of these is the forerunner of the communist state. . . . Will the American people take heed . . . or will they let desire replace reason and decency?

Not only are the weekly journals of thought and

opinion suspect to the Vigilants, but they believe that several large newspaper chains are becoming "pinker and pinker." The Hearst papers "eulogize the radicals of the Senate who are and have been linked with the pacifistic and radical elements of the United States." The Scripps-Howard papers "have decried patriotism, sugar-coated the frequent communist outbreaks and uprisings in our country. . . . The Senate might well investigate this socialist-cum-communist outfit."

Chasing Reds and aiding the government and state officials in hounding alleged communists is a very diverting pastime for the Vigilants. Items of Interest for September 24, 1929, contains a bright note on the results of "coöperation" with sturdy state officials:

> On June 15, twenty-six communists were arrested in Grant Park after parading through the Loop in Chicago to the park. They were booked on a charge of disorderly conduct. . . . Fortunately the case came up in the court of Judge Lyle where Assistant State Attorney Evart O. Hutchins practises. Being a four-square American, Mr. Hutchins was not content with a disorderly conduct charge . . . he issued warrants charging these Reds with sedition. . . . Mr. Hutchins is faced with a gigantic task, but with the courage of a lion, he faces the fray undaunted and with the determination to win. . . . The A. V. I. F. is back of Mr. Hutchins 100 percent. . . . We salute Mr. Hutchins as qualified for the honored title of American Citizen. They are becoming scarce in this day and age.

Not only do Mr. Jung and his Vigilants salute and back up state attorneys, but they are interested in city officials and lay claim to a large share of the credit for court action against alleged communists. There is no direct evidence of collusion or conspiracy between Mr. Jung and city or state authorities, but much may be inferred from the Vigilants' own statements. Thus, in their Items of Interest for October 22, they state:

> Who said Chicago officials were not loyal? Commissioner Russell, City Prosecutor Peska and their aids. . . . Assistant State's Attorney Hutchins and Judges Samuel Trude and Francis Allegretti have demonstrated their loyalty in concrete form. . . . We feel that we are not unduly egotistical when we state that the A. V. I. F. is responsible for the interest being taken by these individuals we have enumerated . . . we have had the utmost in coöperation.

Mr. Jung and the Vigilants take every advantage of this loyalty and coöperation. In October, when "Lieutenant Mike Mills and his efficient squad, all 'old hands' at following the Red movement," arrested some twenty alleged communists in Chicago, it was principally through the efforts of Mr. Jung that exorbitant bail totaling $100,000 was fixed for the suspects. Later the bail was reduced and some of the prisoners were released. At present there is every indication that the indictments against the remaining alleged communists will be quashed. The arrests were made under the Illinois Sedition Law. "If it [the law] will not stand up in the face of irrefutable evidence of the revolutionary character of communism," wrote Mr. Jung, "then it had better be scrapped and an efficient law put into operation. Chicago courts are flooded with communist cases. *We* hope to obtain convictions in the majority of cases."

The super-patriotic and alarmist material that the Vigilants put out is strong stuff, and in many portions of the country it is swallowed whole without dilution. When discussion and thought among liberal circles and societies become too free and not in accord with the 100 percent tenets of the Vigilants, the word goes out to get the data on the offending parties. It is a good thing that not many Vigilants take this sort of instruction seriously, but there are enough who do so to constitute an actual threat to free expression of thought and opinion.

The enrolment of the Vigilants is, of course, secret. The officers are "that sterling patriot," Sidney Story, president; Edwin Marshall Hadley, vice-president; John E. VanNatta, secretary-treasurer, and Harry A. Jung. Mr. Hadley is a colonel in the Military Intelligence Reserve, a Knight Templar, a Shriner and a member of the Baronial Order of Runnymede. He has tossed off many magazine articles about the various "menaces," and is the author of the lurid "Sinister Shadows." Mr. Story and Mr. VanNatta are business men who hold commissions as colonels in the Reserve Corps. The Vigilants state that it is vastly important that the names of their officers "are not published."

At present the Vigilants are calling on all friends and members to rally to the colors for a new drive in spy-hunting for 1930. "Put none but Americans on guard!" is their cry. In the cold winter months, spy-hunting and the patriot-recruiting business hit a temporary slump. The Vigilants even admit that "socialist, pacifist and radical speakers command a fee as high as $500 per meeting to disseminate anti-American propaganda, while men and women engaged in lecturing in behalf of Americanism have difficulty in having their expenses paid." This sad state of affairs will undoubtedly be remedied. Converts to the cause of Americanism are easy, and the more recalcitrant prospects are offered an opportunity to be "oriented by a thorough and intensive study" in Mr. Jung's private library. Then the loyal Vigilant will see the necessity for the undercover work, for the weekly bulletins and information on the subversive movement—and for the code. And some dark night, perhaps, he may be privileged to gather with his patriotic confreres and let his theme-song resound with joy and confidence:

> Take heed ye burghers slumbering,
> Secure from war's alarm;
> Some day a communist may come
> And shatter all the calm.

ROBERT WOHLFORTH.

Washington Notes

THE contrast between the present situation in Washington and those placid days of the Coolidge regime, when the country and the government drifted on the prosperity tide, when solemn inertia was the White House rule and every national problem was shoved aside and put off, grows greater all the time. Whether you are stimulated or irritated by the change depends upon your point of view, but it must be conceded that life here, for both politician and publicist, is now vastly more interesting than before. There is, it seems to me, a most excellent prospect that this Hoover administration will be one of the most controversial, combative, turbulent and amazingly active peace-time periods we have ever had. It started out with this promise ten months ago when the special session of Congress was called by the new President, and it has steadily grown more eventful as the weeks went by. Farm relief, tariff, a business depression and naval disarmament have one after the other been tackled by the Big Executive as problems that must be solved. All four are still in process of solution and each has created its inevitable obstacles and antagonisms.

At this moment there exists some uncertainty as to whether he will be able satisfactorily to solve any one of them, either from a public or a political point of view. Each has engendered heat, bitterness and bad feeling. Not one has yet reached a stage where it can be definitely claimed that Mr. Hoover has either succeeded or failed. He has had all four in the air at the same time, and not one—not even farm relief—is as yet under the head of "finished business." This is not meant by way of criticism, because it is hardly fair to blame Mr. Hoover for the delay on the tariff bill. The work of his Farm Board is still in the preliminary stage, and on neither disarmament nor the new business-psychology experiment in which he is engaged has there been time to get results. The point I want to make, however, is that the tackling of these problems, every one of which was laid on his doorstep by the extraordinary inaction and incapacity of his predecessor, has created a turmoil and strife in congressional circles such as we have not been accustomed to since the days of Woodrow Wilson.

And now, with the dumping into the lap of Congress of the most sweeping and important prohibition program since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, a program involving seven separate and concrete proposals, one might say the controversial climax had been reached—except for the knowledge that just as soon as the London conference ends, which is expected to be in April, it is the purpose of Mr. Hoover to send to the Senate the World Court proposal, over which the fight is sure to be bitter and prolonged. What a lovely time we are going to have! Of course, the prohibition proposals, because of the feeling provoked, the eloquence unloosed in the House and Senate, and the general public concern, will overshadow everything else. Already they have practically removed the last semblance of popular interest—never very high or genuine—in the tariff bill. Whether the measure as rewritten by the Senate coalition and again rewritten in conference finally becomes law has now, I think, grown to be a matter of mild political interest. No one with whom I have talked recently sees much possibility of the tariff figuring to any considerable extent in the 1930 elections as a campaign issue. With the departure for London of that valiant champion of the wrong, Senator David Aiken Reed of Pennsylvania, and the collapse of the Old Guard morale, the fervor of the fight vanished some time ago. The prohibition proposals have completely smothered interest in it.

This ought not to be so, but, like a good many other things, it is. What the country is really interested in now, and what it will continue to be interested in for a long while to come is, first, whether Mr. Hoover will be able to get through Congress the legislation recommended by his Law Enforcement Commission for tightening and rendering more effective the enforcement machinery, and second, in the event he does succeed in getting this program through, whether it will reduce violations of the Volstead Act and make liquor more difficult to obtain. In comparison with the intense public concern on these two points, everything else seems pallid and innocuous. Of course, this means that there are ahead of us some very turbulent months filled with many bitter words on the subject. Those in the best position to judge the situation believe that all the Hoover prohibition proposals will be enacted before July. There will, I am told, be real opposition only to the one which provides for the trial of persons accused of "casual or slight violations" before United States Commissioners instead of before juries. This idea, of course, greatly excites the professional constitutional lawyers in the Senate, though it was evolved by one of the great teachers of constitutional law in the country—Mr. Roscoe Pound, a member of the Law Enforcement Commission. It further had the endorsement of Mr. Newton Baker and the two judges on the Commission, all three of whom are supposed to know something of the law and to have read the Constitution.

The reason it is believed that all the proposals will go through, notwithstanding the reluctance of some of the Senate Drys to "go along" on the "casual and slight violation" idea, is because the Anti-Saloon League and other Dry organizations appear to be solidly behind the whole report. In the past ten years I cannot recall a single occasion when the strength of these organizations was not sufficient either to defeat any measure in Congress they did not want or to pass any measure they really did want. My personal belief is that these bills will all be passed before Congress adjourns. This means, however, that the transfer of the enforcement forces from the Treasury to the Department of Justice and the other changes involved will not be fully made until some months later, which is to say that not until after November will the new prohibition line-up begin to function. As to results, a year and a half is hardly time to give the new scheme a "fair trial," which means that when the next national conventions meet to nominate candidates for President, we will still be trying out the adjusted machinery, with the Wets contending that it is a failure and the Drys that it is working well. It seems to me that the prohibition situation in 1932, from the purely political point of view, will be practically unchanged.

Politically, it will leave us just where we were in 1924 and in 1928. What I am trying to arrive at in all this is a statement of my belief that it will be in his second term (if he has one), and not his first, that it will be possible to say whether Hoover has fumbled the prohibition ball or carried it forward. Believing this, I do not think there will be anything new in the political aspect of the prohibition issue in either 1930 or 1932. I do not see how there can be. Of course, there is a slight possibility that the Hoover Commission may make its ultimate report before 1932 and in it say something to the broad general effect that it was a terrible crime to put prohibition in the Constitution at all, that being, as I happen to know, the view of more than one member of the Commission. If this happens, it might have a very considerable political effect on Mr. Hoover and the whole situation. The chance of its happening, however, is slight—very, very slight indeed.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Death Takes a Holiday

Death Takes a Holiday, by Alberto Casella, adapted by Walter Ferris. Ethel Barrymore Theater, December 26, 1929.

THERE are such fine things emerging from this play that Mr. Merivale is doing, and ideas so absorbing, that certain points must be set down at the start to prevent my giving the impression of calling it a great drama, or some such unintended report of remarkable values. We can be grateful for this production of a piece that has been floating about town for a good many years, with varying chances of acceptance; it proves easily to be one of the few outstanding things of a flattish season.

"Death Takes a Holiday," then, is at bottom a sort of metaphysical mystery play, curiously kin to other rawer and lustier mystery plays that we have all seen. In our mystery pieces certain characters have become almost abstractions, representing themes and motives, and certain turns in events have become plot patterns. If innocent and brainless, they are, nevertheless, engaging and active. This Italian play deals rather with themes or abstractions, motives that are philosophical, just as, in a far profounder sense, Pirandello's are. As we listen to the lines we soon see the familiar Latin habit of taking things as conceptions or type ideas or personifications; we see it in the turns of the motivations and of the characters' minds, and also in the way wisdom, beauty, youth and so on, and at the head of the list, Death, the prime hero and vivid figure in the play, are seen concretely, like things or persons. And gradually, in Casella's play, the mystery is abandoned, the play becomes a fantasy rather, and we are led to a participation in its inherent meanings and possibilities. It is here that what is beautiful in it most appears and that the acting becomes distinguished and moving.

There is another Latin characteristic with regard to these ideas in "Death Takes a Holiday" that can mislead us into thinking them trite or empty. They are not startling or new thoughts or motives, but are like some set of traditional motives in an architectural design. The point appears in their combination. This metaphysical harlequinade, now stripped, doubtless, of some of its Italian rhetoric, volume and dialectic energy, runs off, by the end of the first half, into the tragedy of youth, the loneliness, dismay and courage of man's life, and the role of sheer crisis in the sagging magnificence of our living. The first act, partly because it is so badly acted, with such appalling English, bad voices and hopeless flatness when the actors have been told to register something, and partly because it takes the play, with its artificial and fantastic device, some time to get under way, goes somewhat poorly; the setting, in a play where a really imaginative décor would have had such a chance, is dull and department-store, if not a little vulgar; but "Death Takes a Holiday" is, nevertheless, far above the worth-while. It seems to be briefer and less lagging than most of the current plays, because your mind is at least engaged; it seems less adolescent and more mature; it rises and intensifies as it goes, instead of exploding its theme into mere little tricks long before the last curtain; and it stays afterwards in the thoughts as both a sort of stage game that was played and as something that moved toward the poetic.

The scene opens in the great hall of the duke's castle, a late October evening. The father and the son have been racing each other in their cars, dividing the guests among them, and have each narrowly missed a fatal disaster, one by running into a cart, one by skirting a precipice. Strange shadows have been flying over the country; there are moving shadows and lights in the garden. The guests come in and speak of these things, and finally we see Grazia, the princess' only child, who is betrothed to Corrado, the duke's son. The young people love each other, but the girl will not marry yet; for some reason she must wait; she goes into the garden and asks to be alone. Meanwhile we are presented with the array of characters: the old baron, once a famous lover, now past eighty-seven; the duke, forty-four, happy, loving life, the duchess, the English guests, the young lover, and so on. Some day soon another guest is expected, Prince Sirki of Vitalba Alexandri. Those in the house hear Grazia's scream outside and see her running to them. As she sat by the fountain, happy and dreaming, she had seen a shape, felt a presence nearing her, looked through a great shadow at the sky and stars beyond. She faints, and is taken to one of the castle apartments.

The household retires, all but the duke. The shadows and lights in the garden continue. Presently the figure of Death enters, and speaks with the duke. Death is to take a three days' holiday, and during that time nothing will fade, no leaves fall or flowers wither, no mortal be drawn away out of the world. Death cannot understand why men fear and hate him so; how do they know that he is not a friend, a release, a beginning? He means to enter into a human body, to experience the fears, hopes, pleasures and loves that men feel, to burn the lamp of illusion, and then, when midnight strikes on the third day, to return to his universal house and occupation. He will be a guest at the castle; he will promise to harm no one, provided the duke does not reveal his secret, provided no one in the house flees from him; if this promise is broken, he will come in his own guise and bring death into the house. The expected guest, Prince Sirki, he says, is already dead; he will take his place. The duke is obliged to consent.

The next act is toward the close of the three days. In

these three days the old baron has ceased growing old and thinks of renewing his amours; the gardener's plants have flourished as never before; the English lady and Alda, another guest, have come under the spell of the prince; Grazia loves him. He has tasted wine, tasted suspense and excitement, now Death will taste love. But he will be loved in his own person. The Englishwoman breaks down under the farthest look in his eyes; Alda, in a frenzy of passionate desire, is finally shaken with terror; only Grazia, the young girl, is his. Death will know two hours of love, before the clock strikes and the lamp of illusion goes out. Death asks only that she be given a free choice. The duke in despair reveals the secret to the household; Death tastes human suffering, joy, love. In the end he appears in his own aspect; Grazia is unafraid, it is how she has always seen him; she is taken to the black shadows of his breast. The baron is a dying old man; the leaves are falling in the garden.

Mr. Philip Merivale can read as well as any actor we have; he has naturally a poetic and literary inclination, and so is able to bring to the meaning and demands of this fantastic, philosophical, grotesque and finally poetic play an admirable portrayal. His one lacking scene is his first; it falls in with the whole production in not having enough of the grotesque style in the treatment and a contagious enough delight in the macabre, adventurous and gruesome—lively theater, in sum. Death himself speaks later on of the grotesquerie of his first plan, a sort of cosmic frolic and curiosity; and this is to contrast with the warming up and the climax of human experience that comes to him at last. Mr. Merivale's entrance as the new guest is capital—that half unreal appearance, that groping sense in the midst of his first moments among the living. The heightening of his final scenes, those in which Death is about to go back into his hated and lonely shadow, leaving behind him that one thing stronger than he is, and the impression of emotion, taste and intelligence that he achieves, are excellent; and so is his understanding of the themes of the room in death for life, and of the poetry of coming into the flesh.

Miss Rose Hobart, as Grazia, understood perfectly what was meant and what Mr. Merivale wanted her to give back to him in the scenes between Grazia and Death. She played the role beautifully; and established with the right security the dramatist's idea of the love for the betrothed that the girl feels, but with it, at the same time, that dream of death, that instinct for taking flight with the flower untouched and unconcluded, or whatever it is, that so often fills the minds and poetry of young people with the theme of death. Youth has its secret knowledges, and Miss Hobart manages to give us a sense of them. There is a poem of Meleager's in the Greek Anthology on which she makes her role a comment, and this is fine praise—

> The garland fades on Heliodora's brow,
> But she shines out, garland of the garland.

For both Miss Hobart and Mr. Merivale we may say that it was remarkable to see the way in which they drew this rather tricky play toward its final theme of love and death, and the poignancy of the classic mood.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Massachusetts' Great Insurance War

SIR: In my article entitled "Massachusetts' Great Insurance War" in your issue of January 8, 1930, I referred (page 189) to an effort made by the insurance companies to injure savings bank life insurance by a proposed amendment to legislation then pending before the Joint Legislative Committee on Ways and Means. I have just learned that some readers of my article have found a meaning in the language employed by me in that connection which I did not intend to convey. Mention is made by me of "a mysterious meeting of the Joint Legislative Committee of Ways and Means," and in the next paragraph it is stated that "By accident, at the last moment, the friends of savings bank life insurance got wind of the party." Unfortunately this has been taken by some readers to mean that the fact that there was to be a meeting of the Legislative Committee had been kept secret, and that this fact was only accidentally discovered by the friends of savings bank life insurance at the last moment—with an implication or a possible inference that this supposed secrecy was by arrangement between the insurance interests and the Ways and Means Committee. No such thought was in my own mind, and I most assuredly had no intention of conveying any such impression, as I know that it would be entirely unwarranted, and that the exact opposite is true. The meeting of the Committee was a duly advertised meeting, of which everyone interested had notice, and there is no reason to believe that the Committee had any advance information regarding the surprise attack to be made by the insurance companies on the institution of savings bank life insurance. The mystery did not develop until the time for the Committee meeting to be held, when it was found that several hundred persons, including insurance agents, insurance company officials and eminent counsel for the insurance companies, had arrived at the State House for the purpose of attending the meeting. Indeed, their number was so large as to necessitate the hearing being moved to a larger room in the State House.

Inasmuch as the bill advertised to be heard was a simple proposal by the savings bank life insurance department to reimburse the Commonwealth for the expenses borne by it—a proposal to which the insurance companies could not conceivably object—the mystery was as to why they had come to the meeting in such imposing array, and what they intended to do. It was incredible that they had come for the purpose of facilitating the passage of any legislation proposed by the savings bank life insurance department, and it was unthinkable that they would place themselves in the position of objecting to the simple proposal by the department that the banks should reimburse the Commonwealth. Nevertheless they were there in such numbers that one of the largest hearing rooms in the State House was packed to the doors, with many standing.

This mystery, as I tried later to point out, was explained when it was disclosed that they had come for the purpose of trying to amend the proposal of the department into something very different and very injurious to savings bank life insurance. Indeed, so plainly and obviously was harmful effect intended that the Chairman of the Committee said to counsel for the John Hancock Life Insurance Company when he had finished reading their proposed amendment, "Why do you let savings bank life insurance live until 1934? Why didn't you kill it sooner?"

In spite of the amazing array of agents, officers and counsel, the Committee, after hearing, unanimously rejected the proposed amendment of the insurance companies, and reported the bill in the original form submitted by the Savings Bank Life Insurance Department.

To any reader who may have gained the impression from my article that I thought the Ways and Means Committee had been working with or coöperating with the enemies of savings bank life insurance in any way, shape or manner, I am glad to have this opportunity of stating that such an impression is entirely unjustified and contrary to the facts.

JAMES H. POWERS.

Sudbury, Mass.

Autocracy in the Christian Science Church

SIR: I have followed with keen interest the discussion in The New Republic of the boycott on the Dakin biography of Mrs. Eddy, attempted by the Christian Scientists. In your issue of January 15, you say that there is good reason to believe that the rank and file of Christian Scientists do not approve of the violation of the principles of free speech which the Church authorities have undertaken and that you are confident that when the members discover what has been going on they will take steps to clean house.

Last February, a prominent Englishman, not a member of the Mother Church, was advertised to speak on the subject of Christian Science over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Christian Scientists received letters from the Committee on Publication informing them that the contract had been signed for the lecture, but urging them, nevertheless, to protest against it:

> It is not too late to stop the radio talk. Please have the letters or messages of protest delivered to the president of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The letter then proceeded to tell the members what to say in protest, and concluded with a statement from the local Church board that it recommends strongly each member to follow Mr. Towne's [New York Committee on Publication] advice because it feels that—

> to be effective the protest against the radio address should come from as many loyal Christian Scientists as possible. Your active participation in this move of defense is considered a true service to the Cause of Christian Science.

The membership responded with so much zeal that the broadcasting company was deluged with hundreds of letters and telegrams containing the statements suggested by the Committee on Publication. Not having the courageous example of Charles Scribner's Sons to support them, the Columbia Broadcasting Company canceled its contract.

While there undoubtedly are many Christian Scientists who, in calm sober thought, do not approve of intimidating a firm to the point of causing a breach of contract, this experience would indicate that "the rank and file" of the Christian Scientists in this locality can be induced by official suggestion to assist in the suppression of free speech.

But assuming that in every branch church there are those who oppose the methods of the central board of the Mother Church in Boston, what can they do about it? Under the by-laws of the organization there is no machinery provided for taking concerted action against the Directors. Individuals may, and often do, protest to the clerk, who is appointed and paid by the Board. "If the complaint be found valid," (and it never has—nor is there any indication as to who is to find it valid save the clerk!) "the Directors shall resign their office or perform their function faithfully"; (see article I, section 9 of the Mother Church Manual). The Church is governed by the unamendable by-laws left by Mrs. Eddy, whose handwritten consent was once the sole check on the Board. That check no longer existing, the Board is in complete control. It is a self-perpetuating body, making every major appointment to office, including the editors of the periodicals, head of the Committees on Publication, and lecturers sent all over the world. The Directors handle the funds of the Church, including the millions left in trust by Mrs. Eddy. They approve applicants for membership in the church, and decree who of the great army of practitioners shall retain a card of authorization in the official list. Social and political ostracism, and often financial disaster, are the fate of any member "disloyal" to the policies of the Directors of the Church. Consequently, the pages of the periodicals fairly purr with grateful tributes to the directorate—and those who disagree must either keep quiet and remain within the fold, or resign.

In 1919 so great was the dissatisfaction and unrest within the Church that the Directors announced a "Committee on General Welfare" to be elected democratically by the members and authorized to investigate conditions and make recommendations for reforms. But when the Directors found that this Committee (with one exception) intended to report unfavorably on the Board, a campaign was launched to discredit the Committee. This bit of history is worthy of far more space than can be given to it here. So completely was the Directors' work done that the lengthy printed report of the Committee not only was never acted upon, but copies of it were so thoroughly suppressed that they are today almost as rare as Adam Dickey's "Memoirs of Mrs. Eddy." A large majority of the church members do not know that there ever was such a report.

The first branch church that has the courage to enter a protest and demand a reform, defending the basic principles of Christian Science despite its founder's irregularities and inconsistencies, might be starting a needed revolution from within. Absurd as it may seem, their sole method of procedure under the by-laws of the Church would be to call on the Directors to excommunicate everybody on the grounds that they had all broken the by-laws. This could actually be done under article XI, section 5. But while it is conceivable that 202,098 Christian Scientists could all be wrong, is it conceivable that they could admit it?

CATHERINE ALLER.

New York City.

Fear, Censorship and Christian Science

SIR: The attempted suppression of "Mrs. Eddy: the Biography of a Virginal Mind," as discussed in a recent article in The New Republic suggests that the Christian Scientists have fallen victim to that fear against which they caution us.

An editorial published in The Christian Science Monitor, January 1, 1920, makes good reading, in view of the recent occurrences. It might be worth your time to look it up. It is, in part, as follows:

> The attempted suppression of free speech has in every age led to trouble, though the reason for such has been only superficially apparent. The truth is that the suppression of free speech is generated in fear and fear is almost the most easily communicable disease in the world. . . . Free speech is the safety valve of human passion and should be indulged rather than suppressed.

KELLEY LOE.

Portland, Ore.

Conrad After Five Years

SIR: Amid the deafening din produced by the detractors of Conrad one word of protest, no doubt, is as a single note from a cornet in a county band contest. Nevertheless, I should like to comment on the essay: "Conrad After Five Years," by Granville Hicks, appearing in The New Republic of January 8.

True to the form displayed by the pack, Mr. Hicks, with his rubber-band bow discharges his toothpick arrows, managing now and then to score a near-bullseye. Casually inserting Conrad in an academic, home-made niche, this critic, I surmise, places the author of "Lord Jim" three notches above Robert W. Chambers and five notches below Arnold Bennett. And this for the man who, as the foremost psychological novelist of his time, had received with firm grasp the mantle of Dostoievsky, who in turn had inherited it from Stendhal!

It is, of course, obvious that as a novelist, Conrad had his faults. Mr. Hicks, on the one hand, barely more than mentions several of them, and on the other hand gratuitously presents Conrad with various attributes that he may or may not have had, and and then proceeds solemnly to whittle them down to Lilliputian proportions.

The real cachinnation of the entire essay is evoked for one reader, at least, by the critical acumen displayed in the last sentence: "He [Conrad] may be of little value, fifty years from now, to the antiquarian, but there are very likely to be some people who will read him because he has a modicum of truth to convey to them concerning the human spirit." The same thing may be said of Chic Sale, author of "The Specialist"!

Cleveland, O. DON BREGENZER.

Protestants, Catholics and Prohibition

SIR: Mr. Addis Tone, in a letter published in The New Republic, December 11, finds that we are living in a "topsy-turvy world" because "we find Protestantism fighting on the side of prohibition, while Catholics, by whom prohibitions and restrictions and regulations in other matters are so readily accepted, are identified largely with opposition to it."

I do not believe that Protestantism is as unanimous in its adherence to the Anti-Saloon League and its methods as it must be assumed to be if we are to justify the conclusion of this writer.

Protestantism had its origin in a revolt against ecclesiastical authority, and became almost at once the advocate of control by civil authority of the things affecting individual conduct which had been under the control of the Church.

After all, the Ten Commandments are all prohibitions. Even prehistoric man seems to have been subject to the authority of those elected to be the interpreters of the moral law. When the modern state began to emerge as the agency by which authority should be exercised there was sad confusion of civil with religious authority. The progress of civilization for nineteen hundred years has been in great measure a process whereby the independence of religious authority from civil authority has been achieved. What came after Luther and after Henry VIII was a reaction towards the confusion of the two, and our present prohibition laws are the logical consequences of that reaction.

Not only Catholics, but every body of men organized for religious purposes have, at all times, willingly accepted prohibitions. As they became enlightened they have refused to accept from those upon whom civil authority had been humanly conferred any prohibition affecting only individual conduct, and have denounced such prohibitions as a usurpation of authority not properly belonging to the civil power.

The distinction between the supporters and opponents of Volsteadism is not a distinction between Protestants and Catholics, nor is it a distinction between those who by tradition accept prohibitions and those who don't accept them; it is a distinction between those who believe that man's conscience free and unfettered decides in matters affecting the morality of individual conduct and those who would turn over to the State the right to dictate to conscience.

WILLIAM F. MONTAVON.

Washington, D. C.

Humanism and Intolerance

SIR: "Some one has blundered." After all these edifying disquisitions on esthetics, with which the New Humanists have successfully been diverting our attention, suddenly, in the current Bookman (now consecrate to their cause) they have lifted their magician's hat. So that's what all the conjuring was about. A cat—the old black one, that some of us had long suspected! How Professor Babbitt must be gritting his teeth at his bungling apprentices. After waiting twenty years for one's opportunity, to have some zealous fool give one away like that! For alack and alas! Mr. Seward Collins has worked the wrong trick—not the one in the program at all. If he will turn to the preface of the Gospel according to Babbitt, "The New Laocoön," he will realize, too late, that the trick was not to materialize that black cat from under the humanist hat, but to keep that black cat from materializing; to keep that black cat *under* the hat as long as possible. Let Professor Babbitt speak for himself. Referring to the work of a French precursor of the New Humanism, with whose principles he confesses himself to be in perfect accord, he says:

> Unfortunately M. Lasserre's book tends to be extreme, and in the French sense reactionary. A year or so ago I chanced to be strolling along one of the narrow streets that skirt the Quartier Saint-Germain, and came on a bookshop entirely devoted to reactionary literature; and there in the window, along with books recommending the restoration of the monarchy, was the volume of M. Lasserre and other anti-romantic publications. Now, I, for one, regret that a legitimate protest against certain tendencies of nineteenth-century life and literature should be thus mixed up with what we may very well deem an impossible political and religious reaction. A movement would seem needed that shall be somewhat less negative and more genuinely constructive than the one M. Lasserre and his friends are trying to start in France; a movement that shall preserve even in its severest questionings of the nineteenth century a certain balance and moderation, a certain breadth of knowledge and sympathy, and so seem an advance and not a retrogression.

Exactly this tactical caution which Professor Babbitt thought important enough to preface to his gospel, Mr. Collins has most woefully overlooked. Overcome by a primitive belief in the numerological potency of "1930" to charm away a whole epoch, he has run amuck in a reactionary pogrom, hacking at every positive achievement of our times. In a jubilant dirge over the "twenties"—which the targets of the New Humanism should henceforth insist on accepting as its manifesto—he has by implication linked it with a program which is a veritable encyclopedia of reaction. Nothing is left out—not even anti-Semitism. Some of us had long suspected that, though lecturing vaguely on Authority and Tradition, the New Humanists were concerned primarily with a very local authority and a very local tradition. Stripped, with Mr. Collins' aid, of its philosophic verbiage, the New Humanism emerges as the intellectual program of the Boston Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, differing from the Ku Klux Klan by being more exclusive.

For which revelation, all of us—"immigrants," "sons of recent arrivals," "men from towns and villages of the Middle West," men "set apart by being hereditary Americans" who have deserted their caste—all of us untouchables of Mr. Collins' list offer fervent thanks. By thus repudiating the last eighteen years in American literature, the New Humanists have placed *themselves* in the role of the aliens and foreigners of contemporary American letters and thought—aliens and foreigners to the living spirit of all cultures, including, as Mr. Collins has gone out of his way to register himself, "the crude, traditionless literature of Russia." That being the case, we can continue with a lighter heart the evil work of the "twenties," whose chief crime was the inscribing of America on the literary map of the world and the recovery of such vital segments of American "tradition" as Herman Melville and Emily Dickinson, strangely neglected by the elder Humanists. We have profound problems confronting us, but they are problems that we ourselves have posed, and they can best be solved by those who share our intellectual and artistic "tradition." Above all we do not want our cultural controversies muddied by the injection of social, religious and political bigotry under the elegant pseudonym of the New Humanism.

Brooklyn, N. Y. ALTER BRODY.

The Wool Tariff

SIR: A serious misstatement, and understatement, of fact concerning the wool tariff appears in the editorial comment of The New Republic for the issue of January 15. "The duty on manufactured wool," you state, "is merely a compensatory one—to keep the woolen mills from suffering by the competition of foreign manufacturers who can get cheaper raw materials. The woolen mills are no better off than if there were no tariff, either on raw wool or on woolen products." The duty on manufactured wool is, of course, not merely a compensatory one. It is far more than compensatory. The duties on manufactured products are compound duties, that is, combinations of specific and ad valorem duties. The specific duties are supposed to be so calculated as to compensate for the duty on the raw material. Although they do not contain anything like the amount of concealed protection that prevailed in the old Schedule K of pre-War days, it is probable that they still contain some over-compensation. But, in addition to these specific duties, very generous ad valorem duties are imposed on wool manufactures for the purpose of covering the differences in conversion costs here and abroad; that is, for the purpose of affording protection to the manufacturer.

Perhaps your comment was intended to refer only to the compensatory part of the duty. But the manner in which it is phrased clearly suggests that the domestic manufacturer is not protected at all in respect to his conversion costs and this, of course, is far from the case.

LYNN RAMSAY EDMINSTER.

Institute of Economics, Washington, D. C.

"Outskirts of Nightmare"

Peter Arno's Parade, by Peter Arno. New York: Horace Liveright. $3.50.

PETER ARNO has become a household word in New York. His drawings in The New Yorker, especially of the Whoops Sisters—a pair of rowdy old vulgarians who were represented as always indecently and publicly amused by some untoward event or cackling reminiscence—first established his reputation, and he is now one of the mainstays of that smartest of American weeklies. In The New Yorker Annuals he was one of the outstanding contributors, and now he has produced a book of his own, "Peter Arno's Parade," somewhat heavily introduced by the word-intoxicated Mr. William Bolitho.

If the gauge of humor is the loudness of our laugh, then Peter Arno is rarely funny. The typical answer to his drawings is a snicker. The liberties he takes with the lines of the human figure are the outrageous license of the caricaturist; on the rare occasions when the idea behind his drawing is not satirical, he ceases to be completely himself. (Though certainly one of the funniest drawings in this book is the one of the man driving a sporty roadster, nonchalantly holding out his left arm as he cuts in front of an express train.) On the whole, Arno's pictures do better without captions. When he descends to verbal comment he is apt to become merely slick and New Yorky, and the main point he has to make is usually obvious enough without this added underlining. An example is the picture of the pompous young man and his pretty young wife in bed: she is evidently hoping for some attention, but he is saying: "I was discussing the Mexican situation with Bottomley today. It seems fraught with interest." Many books would be misinterpreted for us if they were illustrated; the converse is generally true of Arno's picture. Sometimes, of course, the scene would be unintelligible without its caption: as when the two couples in evening dress are trying to get into the basement door of a house past a firm but bewildered butler, who is assuring them that it is a private house. One of the gentlemen, slightly intoxicated but not to be fooled, says: "Aw gwan, I been here lots of times with Mr. Miller. I'm Mr. Crocker. You know *me!*" Or the white-headed old gentleman in a dressing gown, whose profile resembles a sea-elephant, moving with hasty, offended dignity away from his study window (which overlooks the East River), and bellowing, "I say, Parker—there seems to be a gull in the study." (This picture, perhaps, is the American equivalent of the "Janet! Donkeys!" scene in "David Copperfield.") Or the fatly confidential maid interrupting a lady's luncheon party in what can only be described as a swell dining-room, with the hoarse announcement, "Say, Mrs. Van Sant, the exterminator's here."

Usually, however, the drawing would stand better alone—as in the picture of the Southern colonel whose head has been caught in the sliding door of the subway train, who takes it as a personal insult; or the two impossibly rakish, impossibly typical old beaus playing a game of billiards. One of them has just miscued his ball and has torn a great rent in the cloth, while the other one says, "Come, Osbert, no theatrics!" His expression, an epitome of old-beau-ism, genteel horror and perfect *savoir faire,* says the same thing as the words, and more; not so neatly, perhaps, but quite as effectively.

Nobody really knows what humor is, though everybody thinks he knows the taste of it. It is a subject that no one dares take too seriously—superficially, because people are touchier about their "sense of humor" than about their honor; but actually because humor is relative insanity, and has in it the seeds of implications too dreadful to be faced. Even Bernard Shaw (whose stock-in-trade it is erroneously thought to be) has never taken humor at anything more than its face value, though he once or twice plays with the uncomfortable idea of investigating it. In "St. Joan" he makes somebody say, "When a thing is funny, search it for a hidden truth." But rather than pursue this profound beginning, he allows somebody else to answer (and you can almost hear the relieved roars of his anxious audience), "Yes, and take all the fun out of it." The funniest things are the maddest, but we must be very sure that our sanity is in working order if our laughter is to have no hysterical overtones.

Of all the pictures in this book, I think the most typical of Arno's humor is the following: a lady, youngish, bepearled, and evening-gowned, is seated in a town car beside a rat-eyed, tight-mouthed little gentleman; she is clutching her head and crying, perhaps to him, perhaps to the world: "You're so kind to me, and I'm so tired of it all!" What does this say? It is satirical, but of what, exactly? There is more here than an amused finger pointing at an idle, rich, neurotic female with "temperament." When it is put to us like this, we are not quite sure that even despair or insanity (fake or real) may not be actually a laughing matter; and it is a suspicion that does not rest easily on our minds. When we grin at this picture—and who can help it?—the grin is almost like a reflex action; close upon it comes the uneasy half-consciousness that blasphemy has been spoken, and that we, too, have applauded.

I have said that Mr. Bolitho's introduction to these pictures is somewhat too heavy—it is one of our modern humors to transvaluate all values by being ponderous about amusements, flippant about ponderosities—but when he says that he finds in Arno "the outskirts of a nightmare" I can only agree with him. We are usually able to laugh (or rather, we cannot help laughing) at something funny, because we have always pretended that between the sane and the insane is a great gulf fixed. We call crazy humor "nonsense" and let it go at that. The English, in some fragments of "Tristram Shandy," in the poems of Edward Lear and of Lewis Carroll, have shown themselves past masters in this kind of foolery; but the increasingly restless skepticism of the American spirit has not been willing to let the cloud-cuckoo-land of humor alone. English humor—at least as it is too often exemplified nowadays in Punch—is coming to seem more and more naïve to American eyes: our sense of the ridiculous is getting less and less gentle. A few nonsense-mongers the English still have, such as H. M. Bateman, who is better than anyone we have in this country; and Bruce Bairnsfather, who has given us one immortal, Old Bill. But by and large the British, a settled people, have been able to keep the distinction clear between what is nonsense and what is sense. In America, however, in the crazier writings of Ring Lardner, in the drawings of Peter Arno and S. J. Perelman (to take only three examples), the realms of sense and nonsense come nearer together, and sometimes so uncomfortably close that we are not quite sure where we are. We cannot now dismiss humor as nonsense: the modern American brand, in a way more "nonsensical" than the British, is both more uneasy and less uproarious, because it is sense and nonsense mixed in such a way that we are not sure which is which. There is no word yet to describe this new kind of humor: satire is not the right word, for satire must come from a settled civilization and its settled standards, against the "fools" and "ignorant" who have not conformed; and ours

is a fluid society, whose tendency is to mock itself, to think of its members (in turn) as all fools, all ignorant; our satire is directed nowadays against the people who imagine that they have a standard or could possibly have one.

But it is very much to be doubted, in spite of Mr. Bolitho's prognostications, that Peter Arno's drawings "will live." The more sophisticated, the more topical, the more mannered such comment on our day becomes, the more ephemeral it is apt to be. Time can be counted on to make the most up-to-date cry the most old-fashioned silence. Much of Peter Arno's humor will seem crude to the next generation, much of it incomprehensible, much of it too obvious to be funny. But that is merely to say that he is one of us.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Merrill Moore's Sonnets

The Noise That Time Makes, by Merrill Moore. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

"THE Noise That Time Makes," by Merrill Moore, is a collection of one hundred and one sonnets. This term is as good a definition as any other for Mr. Moore's characteristic verse form: fourteen lines, with a loose metrical structure and a varying rhyme pattern. Some may object to the definition; the objection, from one point of view, is certainly just, for the poet's practice violates the mechanics of the traditional sonnet and plays ducks and drakes with its so-called psychology. But the definition at present is merely one of convenience. The important thing is this: some years ago, Mr. Moore, working from the conventional sonnet, developed an instrument which easily serves his gifts and purposes.

Most remarkable among these gifts is the poet's facility. The present volume represents only a very small proportion of his work during the past few years, and though much of that work has been lost on odd bits of paper or never taken out of the shorthand which Mr. Moore sometimes uses, hundreds of poems still survive. Of all those poems this book may be taken as an excellent, though indiscriminate sample, rather than as a critical selection. In this connection, John Crowe Ransom's remark in the "Foreword" may well be quoted. "For he has been the victim of his own facility in the following manner: He has scarcely been able to keep, copy and revise the old poem because it has always proved easier to write a new one." But at an early period Mr. Moore discovered a sort of curb for that facility which might have outrun his powers of self-criticism. His adaptation of the sonnet forced him to do a poem within the arbitrary limit of fourteen lines. This self-imposed discipline has often given happy results, as the reader may judge, but the discipline has remained artificial. In other words, this poet, who is also a physician, has never set himself to study the skeleton of poems as he has set himself to study the skeleton of man.

Though Mr. Moore often makes skillful use of the devices of climax or anti-climax, his composition is almost purely associational; though he may impose a beautiful and definite unity of mood in a given poem, the imagery of the poem is sometimes confused and deficient in esthetic accuracy. This matter of imagery is a delicate problem to handle in a few lines, but it can be said, I think, that in Mr. Moore's poetry an image often fails to add to the work done by a preceding one except in decorative repetition. This failure usually occurs in the more conventionally "serious" pieces of the volume and not in the several other types, which are at the same time more casual, individual and effective. But the most moving single poem falls within that first group. "Her Largess" shows the poet in one of those moments when his materials are both rich and disciplined:

> The kingliest parts of him belonged to her.
>
> He's given them to her once when she was ill,
> Lamely, perhaps, and somewhat against his will.
>
> But now she held them closely like a fur
> Robe about her when the winds beat snow
> Against her figure that had far to go
> Over a road over a hill so steep
> Those who reached its end could only sleep;
>
> His long square forehead and his long lidded eyes,
> She held them tightly as a jockey holds
> The reins wrapped over his knuckles in double folds
> When the wind has beaten his cap down in his face.
> And this is perhaps the end of his last race
> And to win it would be the key to paradise.

In general, however, the most interesting items are of two other kinds. They are examples of the whimsical or grotesque done with an ingratiatingly circumstantial air, such as "Just Then the Door," "Rana Americana," "John's Threat," "Now and Then," "The Flies," "Carrion" and "You Tell Me Morning." Or they are examples of an easy, almost conversational approach to an incidental theme with a sudden inflection of poetic gravity achieved in judicious understatement, such as "Grey Roofs," "Old Men and Women Going Home on the Street Car," "Young Men" and "The Noise That Time Makes." These sorts quite naturally overlap, but they define an individual and effective poetic practice. Many of the poems show a fine perception of the apparently trivial and incidental things which can illuminate a character or a situation. This perception is a gift usually associated with a dramatist, or more especially with a certain type of novelist, rather than with a sonneteer; but Mr. Moore has this gift, and his dramas and novels are precisely fourteen lines long. The fact proves how well he has learned to use his formal curb, for in the best examples there is exactitude and an unusual impression of the circumstantial; in some matters, at least, his facility is subject to an extraordinary compression.

Mr. Ransom surveys the varied contents of this volume and writes: "Still, it is hard to find a fixed purpose and philosophy in such a miscellaneous show. We must not be distressed over this more than we need be. I should think the situation is about as follows: His profession offers him all the opportunity his mind requires to exercise, as Kant would say, 'according to principles.' His poetics are his holiday; they are serious and whole-hearted, but not restrained." Whether or not Mr. Ransom's explanation is psychologically just (and I for one feel that he is indulging in an unhappy dualism of a sort), he has indicated the one considerable limitation in Mr. Moore's poetry. Here is a rich and extremely sensitive mind occupied with a variety of experiences in a highly personal and immediate way, and expressing its interest with expertness and noteworthy spontaneity. But the interest remains in the incidental factors; it is not expressed "according to principles." And Mr. Moore's less important defects in performance are, I believe, but the peripheral repercussions of that primary fact.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

Heredity and Sterilization

The Child's Heredity, by Paul Popenoe. Baltimore: The Williams and Wilkins Company. 316 pages. $2.

Sterilization for Human Betterment, by E. S. Gosney and Paul Popenoe. New York: The Macmillan Company. 202 pages. $2.

EVER SINCE the resurrection of Mendel from his undeserved obscurity, there has been no end to the writing of books on heredity. Dr. Popenoe's, however, is not just another of these; it is in many ways the most simply and clearly expressed popular work on the subject that has yet been published in English. Written in a less elementary style than Dr. Schmucker's recent "Heredity and Parenthood," and intended for a rather more informed audience, it is yet largely free from the technicalities that so often ensnare the writer on genes and chromosomes.

Psychoanalysts will not care for this book. Behaviorists—"bold, bad Behaviorists," Dr. Popenoe calls them, who "dig up the bones and rattle them together to scare little psychologists"—will care for it even less. The author, a convinced eugenist, gives rather more to the influence of heredity than many students would be willing to concede. It is only fair, however, to say that he does this by example and illustration, not by precept alone. Even a Behaviorist, if not of the most extreme school, can carry on his formula successfully once granted that the new-born child is not a blank piece of paper, but a manuscript already thickly written on by the pens of his ancestors—more, a palimpsest, some of whose inscriptions will be uncovered only by time and the impact of life.

"The Child's Heredity" brings together between two covers practically all that is really known of heredity to date. Even those who do not fully accept Dr. Popenoe's inferences cannot fail to be benefited by the facts he presents. A general knowledge of them would eliminate many common superstitions and much newspaper nonsense. The division of intelligence into three well defined categories of equal importance is especially suggestive, and an acceptance of it by parents and teachers would save many a child from a life of inadequacy and misery.

Incidentally, the author has unwittingly presented to the world a new parlor game. The most expert "character reader" may be defied to arrange in their proper order of intelligence the twelve boys whose photographs are illustrated in figures 21, 22 and 23. They range from a middle idiot to a boy with the extraordinary I. Q. of 171—but give them their proper rating if you can!

One may disagree soundly with some of Dr. Popenoe's conclusions—particularly with his rather self-contradictory views on the unlike education of boys and girls; but one thing he must be granted which gives him weight and standing, and entitles him to respectful consideration whatever he may say—he is a thorough and well grounded evolutionist. His masterly handling of the evidence of recapitulation, briefly as he performs the task, is recommended to all unprejudiced anti-evolutionists—if such there be.

The latest work on sterilization of the unfit by Dr. Popenoe and his patron and co-worker, Mr. Gosney, summarizes briefly what has already been published, in pamphlets and technical periodicals, by the Human Betterment Foundation, of Pasadena, of which Mr. Gosney is the founder and Dr. Popenoe the director. In short compass, it provides a working handbook for social workers and all others interested in this vital but perplexing problem. Only a short time ago, Clarence Darrow deplored, in a speech in London, the sterilization of criminals. Had he read "Sterilization for Human Betterment," he would have understood better the actual proposals for—and (especially in California) the actual performance of—eugenic sterilization. The book is recommended particularly to those who have a preconceived objection to the idea, without having investigated it. If, like Darrow, their sympathies for humanity are warm, they will naturally view the suggestion with repugnance; but if they also share with him a trained, logical mind, they will inevitably come to accept its value and necessity in certain carefully selected cases of imbecility, idiocy and insanity.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

The Isolation of Hawthorne

Hawthorne, by Newton Arvin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 286 pages. $3.50.

IN his incisive, closely packed study of Hawthorne, Mr. Arvin has also written an important comment on the chief problem of American life, the problem of how the individual can adjust himself to society. As he observes, our most characteristic achievements have been those of the isolated spirit: Emily Dickinson in her lonely room, Melville restlessly wandering the seas, the pioneer of a hundred years ago, and the captain of industry today—all have won their victories by turning their backs on society, by denying its claims or escaping from them. Ever since the voyage of Columbus, our movement has been a constant expansion from the center outwards, and in the peculiarly detached career and genius of Hawthorne lies an essential illustration of the results of such a movement.

As you read through Hawthorne's notebooks, you become aware of the distinct cleavage between the two worlds in which he lived: the solid, actual world of Salem, and the fugitive, evanescent world of his fancy. Observations from both are set down side by side: a conversation with a crippled soap-maker at North Adams; the reminder, "To make a story of all strange and impossible things—as the Salamander, the Phoenix." The former type of material seems invariably more vivid and racy, but it was from the latter that the great mass of his writing was to spring. For, whether owing to the thinness he felt in his surroundings or to the extreme reserve of his nature, he gradually grew to be almost completely separated from outside experience, and devoted himself to fathoming a purely subjective reality. The result was that he plunged more deeply into the realms of personality than any American had done before him, and made the first universal exposure of our philosophy of easy optimism.

But his inability to get out of himself, or to compel his imagination to take hold of externals and transform them, cost him very dearly. Instead of building a world out of what he found at hand, as Fielding or Balzac had done, he took refuge in allegory, the weakest form of literary escape. He was aware of his own defection, for he wrote of his days in the Custom House, in the preface to "The Scarlet Letter": "A better book than I shall ever write was there; leaf after leaf presenting itself to me, just as it was written out by the reality of the flitting hour, and vanishing as fast as written, only because my brain wanted the insight and my hand the cunning to transcribe it."

He knew that his books were "too remote, too shadowy and unsubstantial," and, strangely enough, it is partly

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This book grew out of the noted seminars which Dr. Richard C. Cabot held for several years at Harvard. During one of these, Dr. Glueck pointed out that practically no audit had as yet been made of the effectiveness of our penal or correctional institutions, and that without such a check-up, their faults could not be known. Through Dr. Cabot's enthusiastic reception of this idea, the Harvard Milton Fund furnished the means for such an undertaking. Of the wide research made, Dr. Glueck writes: "In connection with this work, thousands of letters were sent to criminal identification bureaus throughout the country, the Army and Navy; several hundred criminals and their families, friends and employers were personally interviewed. The thoroughness of the research can be gauged by the fact that over 90% of the ex-prisoners of the Massachusetts Reformatory were located by us throughout the world, for periods ranging from 5 to 15 years, after their release from the institution." Octavo, cloth, $5.00

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owing to this knowledge that his seemingly pale representations are filled with so much intensity. For the theme of nearly all his work is guilt, an obsession that has generally been attributed to his Puritan ancestry, and has caused him to be called a Puritan critic of Puritanism. The insufficiency of this explanation becomes apparent in the light of Mr. Arvin's sharp analysis, which demonstrates that the guilt which Hawthorne broods over rises invariably out of isolation, that its most sinister aspect is that it separates man from ordinary life. The tragedies of Ethan Brand, Rappaccini and Roger Chillingworth are all owing to the fact that they have lost their grasp of the central human elements, and have drifted dangerously away from the center. They no longer feel any bond with society, and, as a consequence, they are no longer individuals, but restless burning exaggerations of a single quality. And the reason why Hawthorne, in spite of all his stiff self-consciousness and the flimsiness of his allegory, could suggest so hauntingly the dark recesses of their fate was that he knew it to be his own. He realized in his imagination that he had failed to meet life squarely, that that was the great failure of America. There seemed to be no alternative to a ruthless individualism which preyed upon itself until the individual was destroyed, no normal society, but only a lifeless standardization which drove the sensitive man farther back into himself. Both Hawthorne's life and his work are fatally marked with the limitations of such a condition, but his enduring importance lies in the fact that, although one-sided himself, he had the strength not to accept what he knew to be false, and to embody in his quiet prose a searing criticism of what was, then as now, the dominant direction of American life.

These are only a few of the reflections that rise directly out of Mr. Arvin's book. He has done a great service to our letters by reiterating Hawthorne's significance, by revealing that beneath a surface which so often seems to modern readers disappointingly thin, is contained an essence which we cannot afford to forget. This is the third biography of Hawthorne in as many years, and it is evidence of the present overproduction of books that it renders both of the others unnecessary. Mr. Lloyd Morris' "The Rebellious Puritan" (1927) was in the Maurois pattern, which means that, although considerably longer than Mr. Arvin's study, it made no evaluation of Hawthorne's writings, a singularly unfruitful venture in this case. Mr. Herbert Gorman's "Hawthorne: A Study in Solitude" (1927) was a brief piece of hack-work for the Murray Hill biographies. which simply compressed the chief facts of its subject's life from the far more fertile volumes of Julian Hawthorne, and added nothing to a critical estimate that had not already been better said by Henry James, Woodberry, or Brownell.

It is not Mr. Arvin's highest praise that he transcends such work, but that what he has written goes right to the top of contemporary literary biography, and stands with Lewis Mumford's "Melville" as the rich, many-sided type of criticism which we should have. His style is perhaps somewhat level and monotonous, as is his addiction to the academic habit of long series of rhetorical questions and exclamations; it also seems that after his climax, the impressive section in which he sums up the nature of Hawthorne's genius, he might have applied more sensitively his otherwise admirable principle of selection in bringing his book to a more rapid close. The defects, however, are slight, and he has presented an absorbing picture of Hawthorne's tragedy, and America's.

F. O. Matthiessen.

Bismarck's Master

William The First, by Paul Wiegler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 456 pages. $5.

ONE pleasant thing about this biography is that there are no pathological hypotheses to be met with in it. There are no neuroses and not even the suggestion of a complex. Instead, one finds the simple story of a long and influential life. There is little that is colorful about the first Emperor of Germany. He was honest, gentlemanly, frugal, slow and moderately pious. Until he became regent for his insane brother in 1857, no heavy responsibility rested upon his shoulders. And shortly after, he began to rely upon Bismarck—so much so that from 1862—the date of Bismarck's appointment as Minister-President of Prussia—until his death in 1888, he was guided in all major decisions by the masterful will of his iron chancellor.

William was nine years old at the time of his father's flight before the advancing armies of Napoleon. He was a commissioned officer in the Prussian army at the age of ten, and six years later, as the victorious Blucher drove Napoleon eastward across the Rhine, he came under fire. From this time forth, the army was his life. Not until he was sixty years of age was it necessary for him to think of other things, and by that time it was too late to change his mental outlook. He was married, it was true, and loved his children; but his first love was the army, and to it he dedicated a life of devotion.

There is no indication in all of his career that he ever had a progressive thought. He wanted to fight the revolution of 1848, but upon advice fled to England. He desired with all his heart to march in full military array upon Vienna in 1866 and only refrained because Bismarck threatened to resign. He accepted the imperial title in 1871, as he wrote, "against my will and against my wish." Prussia meant more to him than a united Germany, since in accordance with the traditions of his family Prussia came before everything. Likewise, owing to the hereditary friendship of Hohenzollerns with Romanoffs, he could not bring himself to face a possible break with Russia. And when Bismarck consummated the Austrian alliance against Russia, poor William lamented, "my whole moral strength has broken down." The Emperor's life throughout was governed by precedent, and to all the significant changes of the nineteenth century his mind was a blank.

Despite these facts, William the First is an important figure in the history of Germany. Although he did not have much to do with the actual founding of the Empire, his name is forever associated with that event. Like his father, Frederic William III of Prussia, he represented in the public eye much that was sturdy and admirable in the traditions of the German people. He was conscientious, too much so at times for his opportunist chancellor. He was dignified always, but without ostentation. Compared with the erratic brother who preceded him as King of Prussia, and the neurotic grandson who shortly after his death became German Kaiser, he was an admirable monarch.

If this book were limited to the personal activities of the late Kaiser's grandfather, it would scarcely be worth reviewing. Since the latter, however, are neither exciting nor particularly significant, the author has been thrown back on the necessity of emphasizing his background. Herein lies the major value of the book. It does give a good running account of Prussian and German history during the greater part of the nineteenth century—a fertile and largely neglected field for historical research.

Walter Phelps Hall.

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Wednesday, Jan. 28—Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell: "The Industrial Discipline—Changing Ways of Life."
Thursday, Jan. 30—Dr. E. G. Spaulding: "The Development of Fundamental Ideas and Fundamental Problems in Philosohpy and Science.—What Is Progress?"
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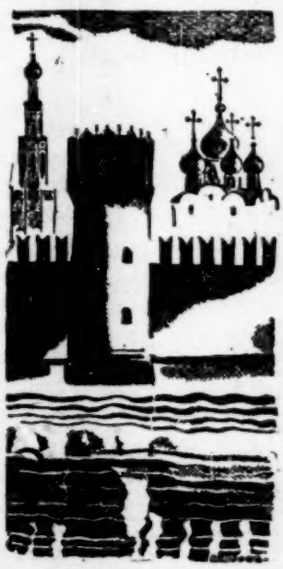

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Notes on Novels

Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

IT is evidence of the respect in which Mrs. Wharton is held that the recurrence of one of her "off-year" novels still dismays us. The present one is less interesting than most of her other failures because it restates a theme she has used too often, and often with success, and whatever might give freshness and vitality is spoiled by Mrs. Wharton's obvious unfamiliarity with the setting. The young man of fine perceptions (in this case a writer) married to an attractive and stupid child, trapped by business, and supported by the friendship of a noble, but married, woman repeats bits of half a dozen other novels by Mrs. Wharton; and when this young man enters the literary life of New York (as represented by artistic magazines, drinking authors and rapacious publishers) he ceases altogether to have substantial reality. Another theme is vaguely suggested. The young man comes out of the Middle West, where prosperity and social distinction are measured by *"confort moderne,"* and discovers an older America which he knows to be finer than anything he has experienced; yet this older America seems not to care for money and telephones. Even its degenerate members, when they steal, steal first editions. One can see an entirely different novel in birth. By the law of Mrs. Wharton's alternating books, it should be a good one.

GILBERT SELDES.

The Seven Vices, by Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Elizabeth Abbott. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. 2 vols. $5.

THIS two-volume novel should at present be enjoying a discreet oblivion at the bottom of Signor Ferrero's trunk. That is where most young works and first attempts belong, and this one is very young, though big for its age. The author's maturity and reputation as a historian have found him a publisher, translator—and a reviewer—though they have proved no preventive against the usual faults of the amateur novelist. An attempt is made to present the corrupt Roman society of the nineties through the reaction of people and institutions to a murder case. Despite the author's acknowledged ability in his own field, the story, with the exception of a few fascinating glimpses, fails to catch the stamp and spirit of the time. Though it could have had any date, it is unlikely that it could have occurred at any time. It worries back and forth through a vast number of [illegible] petty and confusing incidents which, without the art of variation, tell the same monotonous tale of charlatanism. Misty or wooden characters, mere personifications of Science, Politics, Journalism, Moneyed Power, Law, Nobility, the Lower Classes, etc., are prodded into position by means of a persistent, naïve formula in the form of a long explanatory paragraph following their first appearance. Each of these supposed bulwarks of society is thus granted its moment to appear in capitalized form and to be ironically, if not very subtly, unmasked. The young hero, an engaging sinner, is the only one capable of winning interest and sympathy. He is real. He alone is not a transparent wraith, an unreality in capital letters. As Signor Ferrero has not learned that conversation should be an art, and not an oration, the hero's speeches are, nevertheless, as unnatural and forced as those of the other characters. And as he has not learned the art of plotting structure, the hero is jerked off the stage

just in time to prevent the back cover's slamming down on him. In fact, the greatest fault of the novel is its unsatisfactory, incomplete and abrupt close, as if the author had suddenly found his material too much for him, or had grown tired (as who would not!), and laid down his pen. A two-volume novel may hesitate about beginning, but even the longest book should reach its end.

V. B.

Contributors

WILLIAM ORTON is a professor of Economics and Sociology at Smith College. He is the author of a history of the modern British labor movement, "Labor in Transition."

A. E. COPPARD, the English poet and short-story writer, is the author of "The Field of Mustard," "The Black Dog" and other books. A volume of his poems is to be published this spring.

LOIS MACDONALD is the author of "Southern Mill Hills," a book on labor in the Southern textile villages.

DREW PEARSON, now on the staff of the Baltimore Sun, is widely known for his reporting of international affairs.

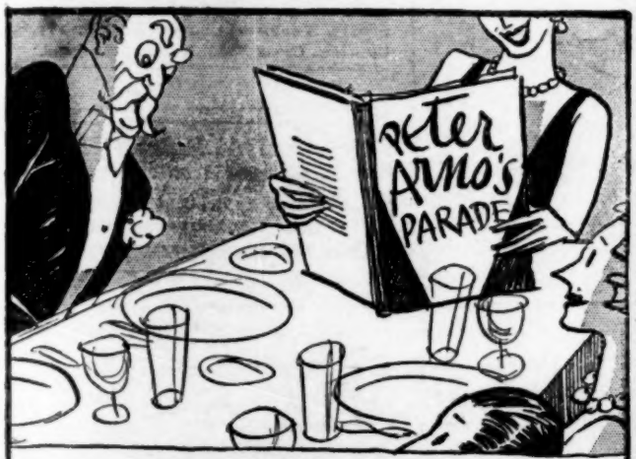
ROBERT WOHLFORTH is a New York newspaper man, at present editor of Our Army.

ROBERT PENN WARREN, an American poet now resident at Oxford University, is the author of "John Brown, the Making of a Martyr."

MAYNARD SHIPLEY is president of the Science League of America and author of "The War on Modern Science" and other books.

F. O. MATTHIESSEN is a tutor in History and Literature at Harvard University and the author of a biography of Sarah Orne Jewett.

WALTER PHELPS HALL, professor of History at Princeton University, is the author of "Empire to Commonwealth."



T. S. Matthews' starts off his review in *The New Republic* (Jan. 29th) with the only line we need to quote: "Peter Arno has become a household word in America."

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AFTER MOTHER INDIA

Harry H. Field

So much has been said pro and con the accuracy of the books of Miss Mayo and Mr. Field that we are reproducing a series of comments on AFTER MOTHER INDIA. May we here quote Mr. Edward Thompson in the *Saturday Review*, who says that "Mr. Field shows up the pathetic feebleness of much of the reply to MOTHER INDIA,"—and the *Boston Transcript*, which finds Mr. Field's book "an excellent documentation of Miss Mayo's thesis almost impossible to challenge."

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